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WELSH LEGENDS:

A COLLECTION OF

POPULAR

ORAL TALES.

"Tales of the days of old, when superstition, that foul ugly witch, smiled on the lap of ignorance."

LONDON:

Printed by J. D. Dewick, Aldersgate-Street,

FOR J. BADCOCK, PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1802.

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PREFACE.

LEGENDS are of the highest antiquity, and any attempt to trace their origin, would not only be attended with the greatest difficulty, but even, we may venture to say, be found impossible. It is not the intention of the Editor to make such an attempt, but merely to relate such Legends as have come to his knowledge, and present the greatest interest, either on account of their antiquity, by which they have, in a manner, become consecrated; or on account of the fanciful, strange, and unaccountable contexture of the

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various events with which they abound.

There is hardly any Traveller in Wales, who has not heard, at least, of the titles of some of those ancient traditionary tales, which every grandmother, on a cold winter evening, repeats to her grandchildren, sitting round the blazing hearth. Whether they ever had the curiosity to listen to those wonderful, terror-striking relations is a matter of doubt—their works being entirely silent on the subject. It is not in the well-built house, nor from the well-informed inhabitant of Wales, that such stories can be learnt; it is in the thatched cottage, among, we might say, the primitive Welsh, who have carefully preserved and transmitted from generation to genera-

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tion, from grandmother to grandchild, every tale, story, legend, or ditty, which they had received from their ancestors, that authentic information can be gathered, and from these genuine sources that the Editor has been enabled, in an intercourse of several years, to obtain the collection which he now offers to the public.

That a considerable fund of entertainment may be found in these kind of tales, we believe every person who still remembers the days of his infancy—and *felices meminisse juvat*—will readily allow. But, exclusive of that pleasure, we will venture to assert, the knowledge of those legendary tales is, if not absolutely necessary, at least extremely useful, in the perusal of the early poets of

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this and other countries, whose works are almost always interspersed with ballads founded on those tales, or with allusions to the popular notions of the times in which they wrote. We may say, that each Legend is a kind of local mythology, and that, could a regular connected arrangement be formed of all the materials presented by a complete collection of them, it would be found equally absurd, equally extravagant, and yet perhaps equally interesting.

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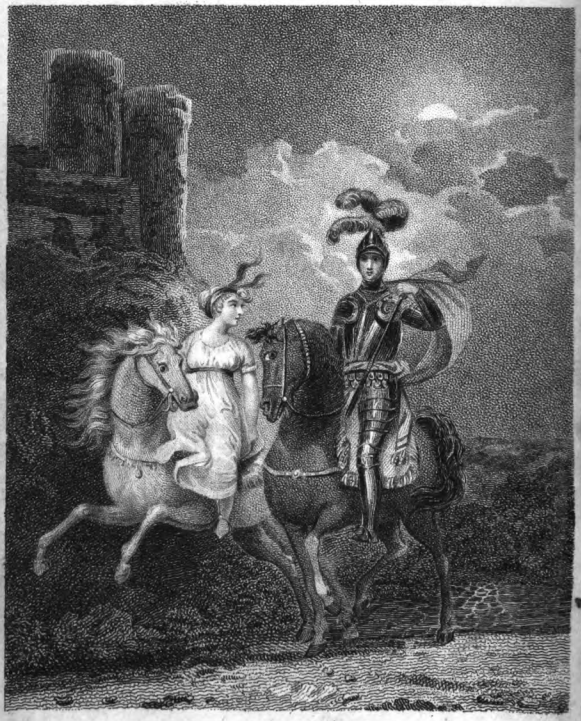

Drumond Pinxt. Mackenzie sc

Knight of the Blood red Plume.

Publish'd as the Act directs Nov.r 1. 1801 by Earle and Hamet, Albemarle Street Piccadilly.

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Knight of the Blood-red Plume.

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Knight of the Blood-red Plume.

On a rising eminence, east of the river Clwyd, in Flintshire, about two miles from its influx into the sea, are the majestic ruins of Rhuddlan castle; which derives its name from the colour of the soil on which it is situate, according to Leland, who thus deduces its etymology in his Itinerary: "Rethlan, communely "called Rudelan, cummeth of Rethe, that ys to saye, "*color* or *pale*, *redde*, and glan, that ys *shore*; but "g, when glan ys set with a word preceding g, ys ex-"ploded." Camden reports it to have been built by Llewellyn ap Sitshilt, a brave and amiable prince, who, after a reign of great glory, in which he had gained the love of his subjects, was assassinated by Howel and Meredydh, the sons of Edwyn by regular descent, of Howel Dha, in hopes of gaining the crown of South Wales; but their schemes were defeated by the odium which the people manifested towards them, and they were obliged to fly to Ireland. He left only one son, by name Gryffydh, who succeeded him, and during his life time made Rhuddlan his chief residence. Of the ruin, there are many legendary tales related; but this, though not the most popular, is perhaps the most

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extravagant, and is equally credited with the rest by the superstitious peasantry, who tremble to pass the ruin in the dusk of evening, when it is believed that witches and ghosts are there holding their revels.

—— STAY pilgrim; whither wendst thou?

—— Cold is the north wind that plays around the mountains—heart-chilling the snow that's wafted across the moor—still bleaker blows the blast, cutting, keen, and freezing, as the grey mist of evening falls upon the vales;—frozen is the path that winds through yon forest; upon the leafless trees hangs the winter's hoary frost—and cheerless the bosom of him doom'd to wander along the lone path in such a night as this.

—— Turn thee, pilgrim! and bend thy step to Rhuddlan's ruined walls, where thou mayst undisturbed, waste the gloomy night, and take the morning to enjoy the road.

—— Pious hermit! knowst thou not from dusky eve until return of morn, that

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tortured spirits in yon castle rove? E'en now, the blood runs chill within my veins, while I do think on what I've seen. Such groans have met my ears—such sights my eyes—and screams and riotous laughs mingled with the winds that whistled through the broken arches of the courts—e'en now, the sweat of terror dews my brow, and languid beats my heart.

—— Say, Didst thou penetrate the hall?

—— I did; and, on the hearth, light some dried leaves, to warm my shivering frame. I spread my wallet's fare upon the ground—with joyful heart, began to merry make—but angry spirits broke upon my glee, and fearful noises hailed my livid cheek. Instantly I dropped upon my trembling knee, and told my beads; but the screams increased—a ray of flame shot through the room, and before me stood a warrior, in complete armour clad—his casque was down, and above his brow there waved a blood-red plume. No word he spake, but looked upon me with earnestness; his eye

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was as the sloe is, black—as the basilisk's fascinating—his cheek was wan and death-like. I would have fled, but my feet seemed enchained to the ground, and my heart feared to beat against my bosom. At this moment, a female voice I heard, that loudly sounded in the hall...."I come, Erilda," cried the red-plumed knight; and instantly vanished. Again were the screams repeated; and showers of blood fell upon the marble flooring on which I stood.—My veins were filled with icicles from my heart; but, rendered desperate by fear, in the midst of the most horrible howlings, I flew; and the expiring embers of my fire casting a faint light, guided me along the courts, through which I darted with the rapidity of lightning. Venerable hermit, again I dare not trust myself in Rhuddlan's walls. I have opposed my bosom to the Saxon's sword, and never trembled;—I have braved dangers for my country, and was never known to fear;—but I dare not face the spirits of the angry Clwyd.

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The hermit smiled.

——Thou seest yon rock, which, threatening, hangs above the river—which, slowly rippling along, now laves against its broken sides. In the bosom of that rock, I dwell. Peace is its inmate. My cell is humble—but hospitable; and in its lap the weary pilgrim has often found repose. Rest thou with me this night to share it, friend, and eke my frugal meal.

——Holy father, with joy I follow you; hunger and fatigue doth sore oppress me; and my wearied limbs almost refuse their wonted office.

The venerable hermit conducted him to his cell, which was clean—his meal was wholesome. The pilgrim ate of the frugal repast; and a chrystal water, springing from the rock, was the beverage on which the man of piety regaled. This was proffered in a rudely-carved wooden bowl to his guest, who drank, and felt relieved. He now drew his stool near the hearth, on which the faggot blazed; and

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the hermit, to beguile the moments, and remove the fear which occupied his companion's breast, thus related of the Knight of the Blood-red Plume, and the fair Enida.

—— HIGH on the walls of Rhuddlan, waved the black flag of death—Loud the bell of the neighbouring priory tolled the solemn knell, which every vale re-echoed round, and the sad response floated to the ear through each passing gale—The monks, in solemn voice, sung a mass for the everlasting repose of the deceased—A thousand tapers illumined the chapel—and bounteously was the dole distributed to the surrounding poor. The evening blast was keen—the grey mist circled the mountain's craggy brow—and thin flakes of snow beat in the traveller's face, while cold and shivering airs wafted his cloak aside. Sir Rhyswick the Hardy, heard, as he advanced, the echo of the distant bell; and spurring his mettled steed, with heart harbouring many fears, pursued his course fleetly through the forest.

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"Use speed, Sir Knight!" cried a voice in his ear: "Egberta dies!"

Rhyswick turned pale.

"Egberta's bosom's cold;" continued the voice, "and vain will be your sighs."

The Knight in dismay checked his horse, and inclined his head to whence he thought the sound proceeded; but nothing met his eye; all was vacant before him, and only the quivering bough, fanned by the breeze, was heard. Rather alarmed, again he set spurs to the sides of his steed—still the snow was drifted in his face. Night was now ushered to the heavens, and it was with difficulty he could maintain the path that branched through the forest. The web-winged bat brushed by his ear, in her circular flight; and the ominous screech-owl, straining her throat, proclaimed the dissolution of the deceased.

Sir Rhyswick heaved a sigh; a melancholy thought stole across his brain, and, arriving at the banks of the Clwyd, he beheld, with trembling, the many tapers

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in the priory of Rhuddlan, and heard more distinct the solemn bell.

"Egberta is no more," cried the voice that had before accosted him; "Egberta is in Heaven."

The Knight turned round; but, beholding no one, and agonized by the prediction, again he rouzed his steed, and flew, pale and breathless, to the castle. He blew the loud horn suspended at the gate of Twr Silod, the strong tower which stands upon the banks of the river; and the loud blast echoing in the courts, arouzed the ominous bird that had alighted on the battlements, who, flapping her heavy wings, resumed her flight, uttering a wild discordant scream. The portal was opened to receive him; and Sir Rhyswick entered, through a long range of vassals, habited in mournful weeds.

"Is the prediction true, then?" he exclaimed; and, rushing to the apartment of Egberta, found her cold and breathless. The colour that once adorned her cheek

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was faded—her eyes were shrouded—and her lips became more and more pale, from which the last breath had so lately issued. A serene smile mantled her countenance—her locks were carefully bound in rose-bands—her corpse was prepared for the earth—and two monks sat on each side of her, offering up their holy prayers for her repose. Sir Rhyswick, overcome by the unexpected sight, with a groan of anguish, fainted upon the couch. Some servants that had attended him from the hall, conveyed him in a state of insensibility to his chamber; and, the next day, the body of the virtuous Egberta was deposited in the chapel of the castle. Maidens strewed the path with flowers, along which their sainted lady was borne; and some monks from the priory sung a solemn dirge over her—bare-headed and with their arms crossed upon their bosoms. The fair Erilda with her own hands decked the person of her mother with flowers; and each flower was moist with a daughter's

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tears. A requiem, chaunted by the monks, and in which the maidens joined, closed the ceremony; and Erilda, with oppressed heart, returned to the castle.

Sir Rhyswick, whose grief would not permit him to attend the funereal rites, pressed the affectionate girl to his bosom; and they sought mutual consolation in each other.

Rhyswick the Hardy, was the friend and favourite of his Prince; he had fought in all the wars of his country, since the first moment he could hurl the spear—victory had ever attended his arms; but now, his beard was silvered o'er with age—peace was restored to the land, and he had hoped, at Rhuddlan, in the bosom of his Egberta, to pass away his few remaining years. Bliddyn ap Cynvyn had united in himself by conquest, the sovereignty of Gwynedd, or North Wales, with Powys, and thus had terminated a war that had long threatened destruction to either nation. With pleasure did Wales observe her implacable enemy, the English, strug-

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gling to overcome a foreign foe—bloody were the battles fought with William of Normandy, surnamed the Bastard; and, with secret satisfaction, did Bleddyn ap Cynvyn, a silent spectator, see either army reduced and weakened in the sanguinary contest. Sir Rhyswick had by his beloved Egberta, from whose fond arms the war had often torn him, and who, in his last absence, being attacked by a sudden and violent illness, in a few days expired, one only daughter. To Erilda he now looked forward for future happiness. She was beautiful as the morn—roseate health sat upon her smiling cheek—meekness and charity in her lustre-beaming eye—her teeth were as so many snow-drops, regularly even—her breath, like the dewed rose-bud, of glowing fragrance—A dimple revelled playfully near her mouth—and the rich ringlets of her yellow hair floated carelessly on her fine curved shoulders.—Between her lily breasts she wore a ruby cross, suspended by a golden chain—and

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down her taper limbs the dazzling folds of her white garments flowed. Erilda was not more beautiful in person than in mind; for, as lovely a bosom as ever nature formed, encased a heart enriched with every virtue. She was the subject of universal admiration—all tongues were lavish in her praise, and many suitors came to ask her hand; but, though extremely sensitive, no one, as yet, claimed an interest in her heart: the warm shaft of love had not pierced her glowing veins; and gay and affable to all—reserved to few—she preserved that freedom which the lover cannot retain. The loss of her mother imparted a melancholy to her cheek, that rendered her far more lovely. Sir Rhyswick indulged in grief, and the castle was one scene of mourning. On the brow of this rock, that o'erlooks the angry Clwyd, which rolls beneath, the poorer vassals and dependents of Rhuddlan, every evening came to receive the bounty of their young mistress. It was these excavations in the

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rock that echoed the soft plaintive notes of her melodious harp.—On this rock she sung, and the spirits of the murmuring river were charmed, as they lay in their oozy bed, with the soft pleasing strains—the billows ceased to roll in admiration, and Zephyrus drew back his head, in mute attention to the rapturous lay.

Once, when the return of twilight was announced in the heavens, by the rich crimson streaks and blushing gold that occupied the vast expanse of sky, and Erilda accompanied with her voice the trembling harp, near the wilds a warrior Knight, mounted on a barbed steed, in sable armour clad, and with a Blood-red Plume waving on his brow, approached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. Erilda, on hearing the advance of horses feet, turned hastily around; and, with modest courtesy, welcomed the Knight, who had thus obtruded on her privacy. There was a something in his gait and appearance that struck her with awe; and

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the unknown, dismounting from his steed, occupied a seat beside her. Again she struck upon the trembling chords, with fearful hand. The stranger sighed, as he gazed upon her; and, when her eye met his, she withdrew it, blushing, to the ground. The shade of night approached, and misty fogs obscured the starry sky:

"Sir Knight," she cried, with courteous smile, while an unusual palpitation thrilled through her heart, of admiration mingled with fear: "Rhuddlan's hospitable walls are ready to receive you; and no warrior passes her warlike towers, without partaking and acknowledging the munificence of Rhyswick the Hardy."

"Fair lady!" replied the unknown, "the hospitality of the gallant chieftain, so famed, is not unknown to me; but I must onward on my journey, nor taste the bounty which all admire."

"Sir Knight! this is not courteous."

"Lady, adieu! it must not be: I live in hopes that we shall meet again."

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Saying this, he pressed her hand to his lips, and mounting his steed, flew with the rapidity of the winds, along the shadowed plain that stood before her. His horse, so fleet, seemed to skim along the ground; and in an instant he was borne from her sight.

Erilda was astonished; there was a wildness in the jet black eye of the unknown, that, while it fascinated, alarmed her—a beautiful colour tinged his cheek; but not of that nature to which she was accustomed. His locks were black and sleek—his figure was noble and commanding—his voice, though harmony itself, still conveyed a hollow sound that was not pleasing. In short, his whole appearance, while it charmed her to admiration, filled her with a kind of tremor; and she returned to the palace of Rhuddlan, charmed, and at the same time awed, with the martial appearance of the warlike stranger.

"What majesty in his countenance!" exclaimed she to herself—"What noble

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ness in his demeanor! And, ah! what a melancholy seems to occupy his soul, that dims the sparkling lustre of his jet black eye, and clouds those animating features, otherwise beaming with cheerfulness. Surely such dejection is not natural in him? No, no; some hidden secret preys upon his heart: perhaps love, which, as I have heard bards relate, feeds upon the roseate hue of health—gives langour to the eye—paleness to the cheek—and despoils the heart of its manhood—that reduces firmness to trepidity—and poisons the noble mind with weaknesses that are engendered by timidity."

Erilda sighed.—Sir Rhyswick met her as she was seeking her chamber; the good old man bore the resemblance of his grief upon his fretted cheek; but he endeavoured to be cheerful; and, with an assumed smile, he conducted her to the supper-hall.

Erilda vainly attempted to be gay, but variety of thought occupied her brain.

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the soul-inspiring song of the family bard now charmed not her ear, who, at the board, when the gay goblet circulated the tables, raised high his tuneful voice to the sublimest pitch, in commemoration of deeds of other days, and sung of triumphs, and of glorious war.

Erilda, whose heart was affected by another subject, was not moved with the sweet sounds of the trembling harp, nor participated of that emotion which the song of patriotism inspired in the breast of its auditors. Had the theme been love, the air been plaintive as the ring-dove's tender tale, Erilda's soul had wasted in the strain, and owned the power of music, when in melody with her feelings. Affectionately imprinting a kiss upon the bearded cheek of Sir Rhyswick, attended by her page, she bade adieu to the knight; and, retiring to her couch, attempted to lull those wild and troubled thoughts to rest, that agitated and oppressed her; but the blood-plumed knight, in her slumbers,

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stood before her; his graceful form—his pensive, melancholy countenance, she pictured to herself: and sighs of regret, when she awoke, and found the unreal image vanished, stole from her heaving breast.

With the first dawn of morning, Erilda arose, and flew to the monastery of Rhuddlan, to offer up her daily prayers. The holy father confessor gave her absolution, on a declaration of her errors; and again she sought the much-loved spot, where she had met the unknown. She looked towards the path he had taken the preceding evening, but he no longer occupied it; and, seating herself upon the rock, she played an air, soft, and melodious as the strains of Philomel; but, dissatisfied with her execution, she turned the instrument aside; her voice, she conceived, wanted its usual sweetness—the harp was out of tune—and her fingers, lingering upon the strings, damped the swelling note.

Erilda sighed, and sighed so deep, that

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echo, from the excavated rocks, returned them to her ear.—At length, the tear glistened in her eye.

"Why, why am I thus concerned for a wandering unknown, whom chance, perhaps, conducted to this spot, for a first, and only time? Who, ere now, is leagues distant from my sighs, and who not entertains one thought of me? Away, hope, thou delusive image, from my bosom—I never shall behold him more—my heart must harbour no such wish."

Saying this, with the firmness of resolution, she turned her step toward the castle. Sir Rhyswick was preparing for the chase; the hounds and hawks were abroad—all was noise and confusion—and Erilda consented to make one of the sportive throng. Buckling on her breast the mantle of green, and slinging across her shoulders the bow and arrow quiver, mounted on a cream-backed palfrey, she joined them.

The adjacent forest echoed back the huntsmen's loud horns, and the affrighted

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deer pricked up his ears to the well-known blast—The yell of dogs sounded in the deep glens—the loud halloo succeeded—and nimbly o'er the bogs and marshes bounded the fleet object of their sport. It was noon when Sir Rhyswick ordered his vassals to strike their tents upon the plain; and, after refreshing themselves with a rich repast, again they prepared to renew the chase; the ripe mead, in a golden goblet, was presented to the fair Erilda, who, in the midst of her damsels, looked like the goddess of the wood—and Sir Rhyswick drank from the hirlas horn the soul-reviving cwrrw. Soon again was the panting deer pursued up craggy cliffs—through streams and vallies—o'er the heath—cross the moor—and through the mazy forest. Erilda started a speckled doe from the bosom of a glen; and drawing her arrow to the head, in the silver bow, pierced her in the breast. Though wounded, the animal made good her flight, and darted through the forest with the rapidity of lightning.

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The heroic huntress fleetly pursued; while the horns and hounds were echoed from another part of the plain. Long did the doe maintain her speed, and kept in sight, with the arrow in her breast, until the pale-faced moon appeared, emerging from a cloud, and silvering the glassy lake. At length, the wounded animal dropped, and instantly expired.

Erilda dismounted her steed; and now, she first discovered herself to be absent from the train, and at an hour when angry demons ride upon the air, and mutter mischief. Cold winds wafted her brown hair aside; and fast descended the grey mist of evening. In vain Erilda listened to catch the halloo of the huntsmen. No longer the horn sounded in the vale—all was drear and silent, saving the hollow murmurings of the wind, forcing its passage, sighing through the trees. Almost fainting with fear, she leaned upon her bow: she endeavoured to blow the horn that was suspended at her breast, but it

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fell from her feeble grasp, and the bow shrunk from her hand. At length, summoning more fortitude, she remounted her steed; and not knowing what road to take, gave her horse the reins, trusting herself to the protection of her household spirit. Away flew the impatient steed through the forest—o'er hill and dale: the turf trembled beneath his hoofs, and the white foam frothed at his extended nostrils. On a sudden, the bell of a neighbouring monastery sounded in the gale, and blazing torches were seen waving through different parts of a wood that lay before her. "Hilli oh ho!" cried the huntress, with hope animating her bosom; "Hilli oh ho!" but her voice returned responsive to her ear, and the flaming brands disappeared.—Still she pursued the path, and fleetly flew the cream-backed palfrey on which she rode—now again the huntsman's horn was heard winding at a great distance, and now the approaching clank of horses hoofs, convinced her the attendants of the chief-

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tain, her father, were in pursuit of her; Erilda, checking her steed, awaited their coming up with her; but those in pursuit took a different route; and the sounds dying away, as the attendants receded, all was again hushed. At length, weary of this suspense, she proceeded; and, turning the angle of a jutting rock that bulged in the fertile Clwyd, she observed a horseman slowly parading its banks. Pensive was his face—his right hand rested on a battle-axe—his left held the reins of a nut-brown courser—his soul seemed occupied by melancholy—his brain to be distracted by tormenting thoughts. Erilda advanced towards him, and fixing her blue eyes upon his cheek, to her astonishment recognized the stranger Knight of the Blood-red Plume. His vizor was up, and melancholy tinged his whole countenance—a sigh, half suppressed, trembled on his lips—despondency seemed to depress his heart, that shed a transitory gloom over every feature, and preyed upon that energy of mind, which

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his interesting eye betrayed as certainly possessing. Erilda, unable to curb her impetuous steed, who reared upon his hinder legs, and snorted in rage, called to the Knight, who, wrapped in thought, observed her not.

"Good stranger," cried the lovely daughter of haughty Rhuddlan's chieftain; "I throw myself under your protection; conduct the strayed Erilda to Rhuddlan's hall, and the blessings of a distracted parent shall be your's."

"Divine daughter of the first of chieftains," replied the Knight, eagerly grasping his horse's reins; "I am subject to your commands—my life shall be devoted to your service."

Erilda, smiling, gave him her hand, which he pressed respectfully to his lips; and, proceeding, the lofty turrets of Rhuddlan soon appeared in view. The pale moon, shedding her rays on its dark battlements, reflected them to the Clwyd, which in soft billows rippled beneath the mount on which.

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it stood. Numberless torches were seen glaring in the hands of the disconsolate attendants of the chieftain, who, in the agony of grief, dispersed them round the country in search of her. All was bustle; and, no sooner did she appear among them, than loud shouts rent the air, and they flew to bear the welcome tidings to Sir Rhyswick. The stranger Knight conducted her across the courts; and the fond father, impatient to clasp his daughter in his arms, hastened towards her. Erilda fell upon his bosom; and the tear of joy dropped from the old man's beard upon her shoulder. The Knight, in his turn, received the caresses of the venerable chieftain, who, boundless in his joy, would have lavished on him empires, had he had them at command.

"Tell me, Sir Knight," cried Rhyswick, "to whom am I indebted for the restoration of Erilda to my aged arms? Let me fall upon my knees at his feet, and bless him."

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"Hospitable chieftain, my name is Wertwrold, a forlorn and suffering wanderer; the world contains no home to shelter me—no friend to welcome me; but, though sorrows oppress my heart, I am ever ready to give joy to others—Erilda is once more your's," he added with a sigh, and bowing his head, was about to depart.

"Nay, stranger, this night you must share that joy which you have imparted to our breast, and make Rhuddlan your residence."

"Your pardon," cried the Knight, "my envious fortune denies that I should taste of pleasure—I must away, ere the stars fade on the horizon."

"Wertwrold," returned Erilda, "the maid whom you have protected entreats your stay—upon her knee entreats it: do not dispirit our festivity by your departure. Come, let me conduct you to the marble-hall."

The Knight, overpowered by their entreaties, at length yielded; and Erilda by

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the hand, introduced him to the festive board, where sat the harpers, tuning their strings, awaiting the approach of the chieftain and his guests. Wertwrold appeared struck with the dazzling splendor of the hall that had regaled princes: rich crimson tapestry hung down the walls in festoons fringed with gold, between pillars of the fairest marble, disposed at equal distances, supporting cornices of polished silver; the carved ceiling displayed emblematical devices of war and of the chase: in one part, Diana was painted with her bow; in another, Caractacus engaging the Romans.

Erilda conducted the Knight to a cedar stool, covered with crimson, and edged with gold, at the table, on which were profusely scattered carved goblets, sumptuously embossed, and flowing with ripe mead. The harpers, during the repast, raised their voices in praise of the ancestors of Rhyswick, and regularly traced his descent, in bardic song; describing each great fete his

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fathers had performed. And now, the midnight bell sounding, dissipated their mirth—the bards were dismissed—and Wertwrold was led to a couch by one of the attendants, after saluting the fair hand of Erilda, which she offered to him in token of her favour. The morning dawned unusually splendid—the early dew sparkled on the grass blade—and the effulgent sun rising, tinted the horizon with his gay beams—gentle was the air that played around the mountains—sweet and odoriferous was the scented gale—the river Clwyd timidly flowing, fearful lest it should interrupt the calmness that prevailed, was scarcely seen to move—and Erilda, whose troubled thoughts the preceding night had denied her rest, hastened to the delightful rock where she first beheld the stranger, Wertwrold; there to indulge in sighs, and those thoughts that, while they pained, pleased. This solitary spot afforded her an opportunity to indulge in the melancholy of her mind; here she could sit and

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gaze with pensive eye upon the calm waters, as they laved against the shore, and involve her brain in a chaos of bewildering reflection, unobserved by any one. Erilda never knew till now what it was to love—never knew till now what sighs the absence of him or her we love creates—and now she first felt the pains, was unable to sustain them. The Red-plumed Knight was master of her heart and of her fate; violent was the passion that raged in her bosom, threatening to consume her by a slow lingering fire: for it appeared impossible the passion ever could be gratified. Seated upon an arm of the rock that overhangs the Clwyd, tears flowing down her lovely cheeks, agitated by similar thoughts, and overcome by the weight of her emotions, weary, not having tasted of repose the preceding night, she sunk into a gentle slumber, her head reclined upon her lily arm.

Wertwrold left the castle to taste of the refreshing air, ere the Baron descended

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from his chamber, or the loud bell summoned them to breakfast. His feet, as if by instinct, led him to the spot, where first Erilda had attracted his notice. How much was he astonished, to behold the lovely maiden in a sweet sleep!—He stood awhile to observe her, and the tenderest sensation thrilled through his whole soul; her auburn locks played carelessly upon her temples, and her blue eyes were shrouded with her long, dark lashes; the tint of the carnation was displayed upon her cheek—a perfect ruby colour were her lips—the white rose leaf, through which runs the blue enamelled vein, was not more fair than her forehead, or more sweet than her breath—soft air that played around her, wafted the thin gauze aside that shadowed her snowy bosom, and revealed beauties, which monarchs, on beholding, would have languished to enjoy.—Wertwrold, transported in the ecstacy of passion, dropped upon his knee, and imprinted a kiss upon her cheek.

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Erilda, at this moment, awoke; and the Knight, conscious of the crime he had committed, drew back, abashed and trembling. Erilda was alike confused, and Wertwrold, seizing this opportunity, clasped hold of her hand with fervour, and, pressing it between his, exclaimed, "Lovely Erilda, pardon the presumption which your beauty has inspired—if 'tis a crime to adore you, then am I most criminal; but I bow to my fate—doomed to be unhappy, I willingly resign myself the victim of cruel fortune."

"Say, Sir Knight," cried the embarrassed Erilda, lending her hand to raise him from the ground, "why are you thus persecuted? Repose your sorrows in my bosom; indeed, you will find in me one much interested for you.—Erilda, from her heart, pities you."

"And does Erilda pity me?" he returned, rising, and assuming a seat by her side. "Oh, welcome, ye sorrows! for henceforward, mingled with your bitter

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tears, ye convey a pleasure in the thought, that she whom all the world adores, feels for my sufferings;—the scalding tear shall no longer flow without its balm—the arrow of anguish, while it wounds, shall, on its poison-tipt point, convey a healing balsam to my soul."

"But say, Sir Knight—why is your fate involved in mystery? Lend me your confidence—make me the mistress of your secret—my bosom shall be its prison-house; and so tenacious will I be in retaining it, that even to myself I will not dare to whisper it."

"Oh, lady, could I burst the fetters that chain my tongue to secrecy, I should enjoy a luxury in my grief; but, no, it is forbid—you behold in me a houseless wanderer, against whom the vengeance of Heaven is imprecated, doomed, for a term, to be a solitary inhabitant of the earth—with no settled home to shelter me—no friend to console me—no one in whom I can confide my sorrows."

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"Well!" cried Erilda, in impatience.

"Lady, I dare reveal no more—the cause must remain unknown."

Erilda could scarce conceal her agitation. "And when," with a tremulous voice, she added, "will the term expire, that frees you of your misery?"

"Then—when a virgin shall be found, of noble birth, and honour speckless as the mountain's dazzling snow, whose beauty shall be the theme of courts—whose virtue shall be the admiration of those, whom, with parent bounty, she has fostered—whose hand shall be urged by knights of rank and enterprize—who shall withstand the temptation of wealth and power, equipage and title—who shall sincerely love me for myself alone, and brave all dangers, to arrive at the haven in my arms."

Erilda turned pale; the colour on her cheek flew, and her whole frame became agitated. At this moment, the loud bell of the castle tolled the breakfast hour, and endeavouring to re-assume her wonted spi-

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rits, "Come," she cried gayly, "we have wasted much time in idle talk."

Wertwrold lent her his arm, and they proceeded to Rhuddlan. The young Knight, at their earnest solicitation, consented to remain at the castle a few days, and various sports were devised for his amusement: nothing was spared to make him forget his griefs. But, in the midst of splendid gaiety, Wertwrold was still himself—melancholy still clouded his brow, and stole the roseate of his cheek.

On the second evening, as the last rays of the sun were reflected upon the lakes, and the misty crown of twilight circled the mountain's peak, Erilda, whose bosom was tortured by the love she bore the unhappy Wertwrold, strayed in the garden adjoining the castle. The day had been rather sultry, and, attended by her little foot page, she made towards the fountain, with an intent to bathe. She had already unloosed her hair, when she observed, extended upon the yellow sands, Wertwrold;

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he was in a sound sleep—and, approaching with tremulous step, she hung over him with an eye brimful of tears.

"Unhappy Knight!" she cried. "Where shall be found the maid who can assuage the anguish of thy bosom, and restore it to its former peace?—Where shall that maid be found, speckless as thou hast described, who will renounce every pretension for thee? Alas! alas! let me not buoy myself with faint hopes—Wertwrold shall yet be happy, but Erilda will be for ever miserable. Yes, yes, some more happy maid than thou, Erilda, will gain the heart of Wertwrold, and tear the bond asunder that dates his misery."

Faster flowed her tears—her agony became more acute—and, clasping her hands together, she sunk down by his side—her eyes were pensive, fixed on his, that were shrouded in sleep; and wrapped in ecstacy, she watched every breath that swelled his bosom, and escaped his lips. How beautiful did he appear, as he lay reclined

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upon the ground—what a colour revelled upon his cheeks—what a dew sparkled on his lips; his jet black hair, on which the water-drop, from bathing, glistened, clustered in silky curls around his head. He had laid aside his armour, and the true shape and mouldings of his manly limbs were visible; his neck and bosom were bare—they were of the most masculine beauty.

"Ah, Erilda!" exclaimed he in his slumbers, "you alone can liberate my anguished heart—you alone can restore the smile to my fretted cheek—but you do not love me."

"Hear it, Heavens!" cried the enraptured maid; "Oh, Wertwrold!" and fainted upon his bosom.

The Knight awoke with the violence of her fall, and he gazed upon her in astonishment.—"Erilda!" he exclaimed, and bathing her temples with the cool water, she soon revived; her wild eyes were timidly revealed to the light—and soon as she dis-

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covered herself in the arms of Wertwrold, she gave a faint scream, and broke from his embrace. "Erilda!" cried the Knight with fervour, "my fate is in your hands—do with me as you please—you alone can avert my cruel destiny. From this moment, I cease to hope or to despair."

Erilda was in an agony insupportable—tears choaked her utterance, and pressing his hand between her's, she flew to conceal her anguish in another part of the garden. They met at the supper board, but she, feigning indisposition, begged leave to retire; and full early did the Baron and his guests press the downy pillow.

In her chamber Erilda indulged her sighs: Sir Rhyswick had chosen the heir apparent of Wales for her future lord, and she well knew it was vain to contest his choice. The chieftain loved the happiness of his child, but the love of aggrandisement he cherished in his bosom; and he looked forward with fond delight to the time when Erilda might, with the partner

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of her pleasures, share the thrones of Gwynedd and Powys. A few days was to see the young Prince at Rhuddlan—preparations were making for his reception—Sir Rhyswick with pleasure beheld the nuptial day advancing—but Erilda viewed its approach with agony. The night was far involved, ere her troubled thoughts were invaded by sleep, yet still maintaining their empire, they conjured up visions to her closed eyes. Erilda dreamed that her father, overpowered by his affection for her, and her entreaties, yielded his consent to her union with Wertwrold, and placed her hand in his. Transported with joy, she threw her arms around her lover's neck; and at this junction awaking, she found the Knight clasped in her embrace. Recoiling with terror from his arms, and recovering her senses, that were at first bewildered, "Away," she cried, in a tone of terror; "perfidious Knight, leave me; your conduct calls for my indignation. Oh, Wertwrold! was it possible for me to

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imagine you would thus repay the hospitality you have here experienced, by invading, in the midnight hour, the chamber of the defenceless?—Begone," she added, with a contemptuous frown, "ere I call my attendants, and expose the serpent who repays the favour of Rhuddlan's lord with abusing his confidence."

"Yet hear me, Erilda," returned the Knight, "ere I am gone for ever; I came but to gaze my last farewell on that lovely countenance that dooms me everlasting misery: my neighing steed now waits at the castle gate, and I must bid these much loved haunts adieu for ever. Farewell, Erilda—irresistible fate leads me hence—and, oh! sometimes give a thought on him who, added to his agonies, harbours for you a fruitless passion!"

Wertwrold paused.

"For ever!" exclaimed Erilda; "Oh, Wertwrold!"

"Could my absence," continued the Knight, "create one pang in your breast,

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though grateful would the knowledge be to my heart, still it would inflict a wound, Erilda, urging my brain to distraction, when I paused on your unhappiness.—Which ever way I turn, misery attends me—endless sorrow is my bitter portion: that I am indifferent to Erilda creates another pang."

"Oh, Wertwrold!" cried the maid; and, sinking upon his bosom, "I am your's, and your's alone."

"Do not my ears deceive me," cried the enraptured Knight; "does Erilda really love me—will she renounce the world for me?"

"The world!"

"Yes," returned Wertwrold, "and then shall my felicity dawn: Erilda must renounce every thing to be mine—to share with me those transports which her virtuous love creates."

"You speak in mystery."

"Erilda must, with heroic fortitude, overcome every obstacle to our union—

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must place implicit confidence in my faith —and sacrifice every thing for me. The firm mind can stand, unshaken, on the stupendous rock, and smile upon the gulf beneath that threatens to devour—so must the woman who would gain my arms."

"Wertwrold!"

"Take this ring, Erilda, it is a charmed one: which, when breathed upon, brings me to your presence: use it as you need me, and I fly, in obeisance to your command, though at the extremity of the world."

"Yet stay; you leave me in doubt."

"Erilda must use her own discretion, I have not power to direct her. Farewell," he cried; and, pressing her to his bosom, instantly retired, leaving her lost in wonder and amazement.

For a time she could scarcely believe her senses—every thing appeared as a dream before her eyes—but she possessed the charmed ring—and the deluding thought vanished, that told her the preceding scene

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was the mere fabrication of her imagination.

At breakfast time, she met Sir Rhyswick, who was not a little surprized and angered with the abrupt departure of his guest.

Erilda endeavoured to plead his cause—urging that business of the utmost import demanded his immediate attendance, and that to her he apologized.

The generous chieftain was well satisfied with the excuse, although he had hoped Wertwrold, in whose favour he was much interested, should have been present at the solemnization of Erilda's nuptials, which the fourth day was to see performed, according to a message which he had received from the young Prince, who, impatient to call Erilda his bride, thus early appointed the day.

Sir Rhyswick, with joy expressed in his countenance, imparted the news to his daughter, who, falling upon her knees—her cheeks bathed with tears—and grasp-

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ing his hand, entreated him, as he considered her happiness, to forego his intentions.

"How?" cried the astonished Baron.

"I shall never know happiness with a man whom my heart will not acknowledge for its lord," returned the afflicted Erilda; "Oh! as you love my peace of mind, send back the suit—Erilda cannot be the bride of Morven—another object has enchained her heart."

"How?" exclaimed the indignant Baron; "Does Erilda reject the heir to the throne of Wales?"

"It would be criminal to bestow my hand, when another possesses my heart. Oh, my father! the happy Morven will find one more worthy of being his bride—one more closely in conjunction with his soul—who will return his fond affection with affection."

"Erilda," cried the venerable chieftain with firmness, "I seek not to know him whom your heart has chosen. If you value

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my affection, Morven must be your future lord; if not, your father is lost to you for ever." Thus saying, he retired, leaving the distracted maid overwhelmed with grief.

Sir Rhyswick would not see her the rest of the day; and a messenger in the evening coming to her chamber, bid her prepare on the morrow to receive Morven, who was expected at the castle, attended by a numerous retinue.

Erilda, in an agony of distraction, threw herself upon the couch; her tears more plenteously flowed to her relief, and eased those labouring sighs that swelled her agitated bosom. She, casting her eyes upon the magic ring that encircled her finger, pressed it to her lips, and her warm breath sullying the ruby that sparkled upon it, instantly the Knight of the Blood-red Plume stood before her.

"I come," he cried, "at your command, from the bosom of the vasty deep, to serve the mistress of my heart."

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Wertwrold took a seat by her side—Erilda hung her head upon his shoulder; her cheek was pale with weeping—her eyes were languid and heavy.

"Oh, Wertwrold!" she exclaimed, "this must be our last meeting; the son of Cynvyn claims Erilda's hand, and even now is on the road to Rhuddlan, to lead her to the bridal altar."

"And will Erilda yield her honour, then, at the sordid entreaties of avarice and pride? Will she prostitute herself, embittering the remainder of her days, to gratify another's passion?"

"Wertwrold! you——"

"Oh, lady! the fond affection glowing in my bosom has heaped a world of ruin on my heart—I see the gulf yawning at my feet—I see what tortures are preparing for me, and fly to meet my doom.—It is Erilda who hurls me to destruction—it is Erilda who mocks my sighs, and points me to the spot where angry dæmons wait, to glut them on my blood. But these in-

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flictions I can brave—for, she I love proves false—she who deceitful sighed 'I'm your's, and your's alone.'

"You amaze and terrify me: what tortures, what inflictions are those you dread? Oh, Wertwrold! do not keep me in lingering suspense—tell me who, or what are you?"

"Who I am, lady, must remain a secret—what I am, my warm sighs, my great affliction have revealed—your lover. Oh, Erilda! I am man, with less than half his fortitude—man, with all his weaknesses: love animates and distracts my bosom; and she whom I wed, must wed me for myself alone."

"Fond Wertwrold! I question you no more—and oh! how shall I convince you that my heart is your's—doomed as I am to misery and Morven."

She fixed her languishing eyes upon his countenance—Wertwrold paused.

Erilda's chamber looked into the castle garden; the woodbine and honeysuckle

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climbed above her window, and a rose-tree entwining itself with the odorous branches of the suckle—some sprigs hung pendant near the sashes of the casement, where the flower blowed and scented the air with its refreshing sweets.

Wertwrold eagerly slipped a spray that boasted a full blown flower and a ripening bud, which he presented to Erilda.

"Look you," he cried; "look on these flowers—the beauty of the one withers, while the other ripens. Here we see a rich bloom upon the cheek of youth; what a glowing fragrance does its breath impart! how sweet is the dew that hangs upon the expanding leaf! how rich! how luxuriant! how captivating to the senses! Would it not be cruel to pluck this early bud, ere it hath received the parent care of the ripening sun—ere it hath tasted of that dew which now sparkles on its lip—and, at the moment when it is about to enjoy those sweets which are prepared for early life? Lady, this new plucked bud, in an hour

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shall perish—life shall fly its newly created bosom—the hand of man hath deprived it of its succours, and, ere it hath ceased to charm, it dies, unpitied, unrespected." Then, turning to the other—"This full blown rose, whose shrivelled leaf betrays a speedy dissolution, having tasted of all the pleasures life affords, and enjoyed them in their full sense, prepares to die. The morning sun, instead of cheering, shall wither his juiceless fibres—the flavour of his breath is fled—and the falling dew animates him not—the airs are cold and freezing that play around him—and plucked, he would not perish sooner than were he left to wither upon the spray."

"I do not understand you."

"Lady, if one of these flowers must be torn from the branch of life, which would you sacrifice?"

"The full blown."

"Then, live, Erilda—live to enjoy the tide of pleasure and of happiness."

"Wertwrold, your words convey a

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horrible meaning; my soul shudders at the thought."

"What thought, Erilda? I ask you but to live—is the thought mercenary? I ask you but to taste of those pleasures, which he for whom you would sacrifice your happiness and person, cannot enjoy. Sir Rhyswick has nearly numbered his years—and dissolution betrays its approach upon his cheek: his infirm limbs—his shrivelled form—his silvery beard—and aged eye, like the full blown rose, confirms a speedy termination of life."

Erilda fainted upon his bosom—his arms encircled her waist—hers were entwined around his neck: the colour of returning life soon crimsoned her cheek—her lips were pressed to his: the kiss was exchanged that imparted a mutual glow to the heart, and filled it with voluptuous thoughts.

"Erilda is mine, eternally," cried the Knight.

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"I am your's, for ever," sighed the maid, with half fainting voice.

"To-morrow she will leave Rhuddlan for my arms?"

"To-morrow, I am your's."

They parted—each transported with the warmth of passion; and the ensuing eve was to see Erilda preparing her flight from her paternal home.

The next morning, Morven and his numerous retinue were heard upon their march across the mountain: the martial clang of their warlike instruments were heard at a great distance; and some messengers preceding, brought the early news of his approach, and presents for the bride. The castle gates were thrown open for their reception—white flags waved upon the walls, that were thronged with armed soldiers, who owned Rhuddlan's powerful lord for their chieftain; and bards and harpers raised high their voices in praise of the fair Erilda.

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Morven entered the castle, amidst the acclamations of the generous people, who loudly testified their joy at his approach, and whose loud shouts rent the air. Sir Rhyswick received him with every demonstration of pleasure, and instantly conducted him to the presence of his fair daughter.

Erilda, habited in robes of virgin white, that flowed adown her taper limbs, in the midst of her maidens, welcomed him with a smile. She looked beautiful—her cheeks were flushed with the ripe tincture of the rose—her blue eyes beamed with expression—her hair was tastefully disposed upon her forehead—and silver beads flowed down her fine-shaped bosom.

Morven saluted her with affability. For a while, the young Prince was transfixed with wonder and admiration; her beauty far exceeded, in his estimation, the report that reached his ear; and he looked with impatience for the moment that was to make her his bride.

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The day was spent in merry pastimes; but Erilda was depressed with fears; she trembled at the promise she had made to Wertwrold, and more than once resolved to break it. The evening fast approached, and she grew more and more alarmed; at length, the last rays of the declining sun were reflected upon the lake—the tinkling bell of the goat-herds caught her ear—the much dreaded time was arrived—her heart fluttered in her bosom—and wild and unknowing what she did, she sought the arbour where she had promised to meet the unknown.

Wertwrold was already there; with eagerness he clasped her to his bosom—with unallayed passion pressed his lips to hers.

"Oh, Erilda!" he sighed, "do I hold you in my arms, and shall my present bliss be equalled by the future? Come," he continued, "let us hasten our departure; a coracle waits us on the Clwyd, to waft us to the opposite shore."

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"Wertwrold!" exclaimed the affrighted maid; "I dare not—do not tempt me—I must remain—and—be the bride of Morven."

"Perjured Erilda! false fleeting woman—is *this* your truth?—is *this* your constancy? Then farewell for ever."

"Yet stay," she cried, "one moment: "Oh, Wertwrold! do not leave me a prey to my own thoughts."

"Will Erilda be mine?"

"Yes, yes."

"Voluntarily mine?"

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed the maid; unconscious of what she said, observing lights at the further end of the walk, and fearful lest they should discover her with the unknown.

"Erilda will fly her paternal roof for Wertwrold?"

"Yes, yes."

"Regardless of a father's tears and remonstrances?"

"I am Wertwrold's, and Wertwrold's

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alone!" she exclaimed, more alarmed by the nearer approach of the lights; "and no power on earth shall separate me from his arms."

The Knight of the Blood-red Plume smiled—it was the smile of satisfaction; and he placed into her hand a dagger.

"Use it," he cried, "in self-defence alone. Where is Sir Rhyswick?"

At this moment, a number of torches were seen flaming down the walks—Rhyswick was at the head of a party of servants, whose countenances were expressive of fear.

"See!" cried Erilda, "they bend their steps this way; we shall be discovered."

"Take this dagger," returned the Knight, thrusting it into her hand.

"How am I to use it?" exclaimed the maid in terror.

"Sir Rhyswick advances; 'tis him alone we have to fear.—Plunge it in his bosom."

"In the bosom of my father?" cried she, with horror. "Wertwrold——Mer-

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ciful heavens! do not my ears deceive me? Horror! horror! In the bosom of my father!—Away, monster."

"Come to my arms, Erilda," exclaimed the Knight, "I have proved your virtue, and you are doubly dear to me." He pressed the trembling maid to his bosom.

At this moment, Sir Rhyswick entered the arbour.

"This way—this way!" cried Wertwrold; and hurrying through a small outlet, that led to the river; footsteps pursued them. Still Erilda held the dagger in her hand, and the pale moon-beams silvering the path, betrayed the shadow of a person in pursuit, wrapped in a long cloak.

"We are betrayed," cried Wertwrold; "our pursuer must die."

"I see the coracle; it is at shore," said Erilda. And, at this moment, some one seized her white robe behind.

"Plunge your dagger in his heart;" cried Wertwrold.

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"Hold your impious hand!" returned a hollow voice.

"Strike!" demanded the Knight.

"Stay, murderess!" uttered the voice.

"Our safety pleads for his death;" rejoined Wertwrold.

The hand of the pursuer now clasped Erilda's shoulder; who, disentangling herself, and rendered frantic, turned hastily around, and plunged the dagger in her assailant's heart.

The wounded man dropped upon the ground. "Cruel Erilda!" escaped his lips, and he instantly expired.

"Hence God—abandoned murderess;" muttered the voice that had before arrested the arm of Erilda. "Fly to meet thy doom."

"Hark!" cried the maid; "heard you nothing?—What voice was that?"

Terror sat upon her brow—her lips were paled with fear—her eyes looked wild and fiery.

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"I heard nothing but the winds, sighing along the strand."

"Did you hear nothing?" exclaimed she. "Merciful God! What have I done?—'Murderess!' Oh, let me look on him I have slain."

She approached the corse, spite of the entreaties of Wertwrold; and discovered, wrapped up in a long cloak, the bleeding body of Sir Rhyswick!!! A crimson stream flowed from the fresh-made wound—his eyes were filmed and closed in death—his cheek was wan—his mouth wide and distended.

"Oh, God! my father!" exclaimed Erilda. "Murdered by my hands!" And fell fainting upon his bleeding breast.

Wertwrold endeavoured to recal her to recollection; but, for a long time, vain were his attempts. At length, recovering, "Leave me," she cried; "leave me to die with my murdered father.—Away! Anguish gnaws my breast,—Abandoned by

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Heaven, leave me to die, and receive the punishment of my guilt."

"You have, Erilda!—See, see, the vassals of the Baron draw near!—Hark! now their voices are heard—their torches gleam in the walks; we shall be discovered. Erilda, Erilda, let me arouze you from this torpor—let us fly, Erilda, and save ourselves from an ignominious death."

"Away!" cried the distracted maid; "I am a wretch unfit to live—more unfit to die; yet I will expiate my foul offence by submitting to those tortures that await me—which exceed not the agonies of my own bosom. Oh! my much loved father!" she exclaimed, turning to the still bleeding corse; "your daughter—your own daughter, is your murderer."

She fell upon his bosom; and still the Blood-plumed Knight urged her to fly.

"Erilda," he returned, "what false notions occupy your breast! Rather by penitence expiate the crime; the foul

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offence is not to be atoned by death. Heaven in his wrath has doomed your soul to everlasting torments; live then, and, by penitence, seek to appease his vengeance."

"What mercy can the wretched murderer of her parent hope for? Leave me, Wertwrold; distraction rages through my brain.—I am lost—for ever lost—God-abandoned—doomed to everlasting torment."

"Oh, Erilda! think on your spotless fame to be blasted by the scandalizing tongue of futurity—think on the curses each peasant slave will mutter on her who was once her country's boast; the name of Erilda shall be shuddered at by those who judge not of the motive, but the act—children shall be rocked to their slumbers with the frightful relation of her guilt, and she shall live for ever in the detestation and abhorrence even of the criminal.—The pilgrim shall hear and tremble at her tale—the monk shall cross himself, and tell his

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beads, when he passes Rhuddlan's blood-stained towers—all nature shall be shocked with her enormities; and not a pitying sigh shall be heaved to her memory. Come Erilda, let us fly; penitence shall soon restore peace to your bosom, and your crime shall be forgotten."

"Oh, no! I will remain and sigh out my last breath on the cold bosom of my father."

"See, Erilda, the torches advance, and Prince Morven is at their head; this way he bends his steps—he has his eye upon us—Distraction!—we are lost."

"Ah! Morven! comes *he* hither to witness my shame?" exclaimed the maid. I cannot stand the inquiring glance of his penetrating eye."

"Then hasten to the coracle, Erilda, which now awaits us at the shore.—Haste Erilda! hear you not their voices?—They approach—they are at our heels."

At this moment, a number of voices exclaimed, "This way!"

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"Oh! hide me—hide me from them! they come—they come;" cried Erilda! And clasping the hand of Wertwrold, she flew to the strand where the coracle was anchored.

The footsteps approached; and numberless torches lined the strand. Sir Rhyswick was discovered by the vassals of Rhuddlan, wrapped up in his cloak, and bathed in his blood. — His heart was cold in his bosom—no signs of life animated his cheek, that was pale and deathlike. His silvery beard was distained and clotted with his gore;—the last breath had issued from his mouth.

Morven had the corse borne to the castle, where it lay in state for three days; when it was deposited in the earth, and five hundred masses were sung for his eternal repose.

In the mean time, the despairing Erilda having set her foot on board the vessel, was borne over the thin wave with the rapidity of lightning. Torches still lined the strand; and their glaring light was re-

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fleeted to the opposite shore, breaking through the horrible darkness that clouded the earth.

"Vain is your flight, murderess!" whispered a voice in the breeze. "Mountains cannot conceal your guilt, or cover you from the wrath of the great avenger.—To the furthermost corner of the world, the retributive sword of justice shall pursue you."

"Hark!" cried Erilda, clinging to the bosom of her seducer, while horror distorted her countenance. "Hark; heard you not a voice? Oh, Wertwrold!—hide me—hide me."

She buried her face in her cloak, while the Warrior Knight maintained a contemptuous silence; at length, gazing upon her with satisfaction, he exclaimed:

"And is Erilda mine—do I now press her in my arms—do I now hold her to my heart, beyond the power of man to tear her from me? Why, this, indeed, is triumph—she is mine, voluntarily mine—she has

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fled her paternal roof for me, an *unknown* —she has rejected Morven, the heir apparent to the crown of Wales, who came to her with heart full of love, and proffered the wealth of his country at her feet, to share her smiles, for me, an *unknown*—she has renounced her claim to virtue, embraced infamy for a spotless name, has preferred the blast of scandal to the mild breath of praise, and all this for me, an *unknown ! ! !*"

A horrible smile, as he concluded, played upon his cheek.—Erilda started from his bosom.

"Wertwrold?" she exclaimed; "Do *you* upbraid me?"

"Enamoured beauty, no! To *me*, this guilt is pleasure: had you deluged the world in a sea of blood, or brought another chaos on the earth—Wertwrold would have smiled."

"For Heaven's sake," cried the almost expiring criminal; "tell me, who are you?"

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"*The Warrior Knight of the Blood-red Plume:* but," he continued, "Erilda is beyond the reach of mercy—is inevitably mine—and I will reveal myself in all my glowing colours. I am an agent of the great infernal—my residence is in the bosom of the Clwyd—my occupation is to aggregate the crimes on earth, and be the great instigator of war and rapine: in my bosom spring these seeds of faction, which I scatter in the breasts of princes, urging them to raise the sword against each other's life, and plunge each other's nation in a torrent of destructive war: but this had ceased—Morven's father had restored Wales to prosperity and peace—and I, in the bosom of my native stream, was doomed to sleep and brood new broils, in painful inactivity. While thus my mind was occupied with thought, an incubus approached my oozy bed, and breathed Erilda's fame into my ear: I was arouzed with the sweet image my fancy drew; and, on beholding the enchanting object, found

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her sweeter even than my imagination had painted her—and, from that moment, I resolved to make her mine. I heard of her many virtues—of her piety—and what a feeling heart she boasted; this news instructed me what shape to assume; and the Warrior Knight of the Blood-red Plume answered every purpose. Erilda was easily ensnared: she pitied me, because she thought me unfortunate—pity instantly begat love—love the glowing fire of all-consuming passion. I had no power to deceive, but speciously——."

"Monster!" exclaimed the frantic wretch, "you were all deception."

"There Erilda wrongs me," cried the fiend; "she deceived herself—she thought me what her heart hoped I was—I did not need much art to gain her—she readily entered into all my views—embraced my projects fast as they were uttered."

Erilda threw herself upon her knees.

"Nay, prayer is vain," continued the fiend; "you are lost to Heaven—you

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scrupled to commit an immediate murder, yet planned a lingering death for the parent who had nurtured you—you would not stab, but preferred planting daggers in your father's bosom.—Murderess! you bid him who gave you life, live for a time in agony, to reflect on his daughter's infamy."

Erilda shrunk with terror and affright from the hideous monster, who now resumed his original shape, amidst the yell of dæmons, who rose from the sandy deep, upon the curling wave, to greet their chief. The eyes of the sanguinary fiend emitting a sulphureous flame, were fixed upon the pale countenance of the guilty maid, whom he grasped around the waist in malignant triumph. Green scales covered his body; from his mouth and nostrils he breathed the white frothen waters—and various animals, fostered by the liquid element, trailed their pestiferous slime across his carcass. In his right hand he held a trident, which he raised on high to plunge in the bosom

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of his victim, who, screaming, burst from his embrace, and falling upon her knees, implored of Heaven protection. Loud thunders shook the earth—terrific lightnings flashed in her eyes—and the furious winds bursting through the mountains, swelled the agitated river beyond its bounds. The fiend, with malignant yell, pursued Erilda—the trident entered her bosom—and crimson torrents of her virgin blood gushed from the yawning wound—in agony she fell—the dæmon, twining his hand in her fair locks, hurled her to the deep, and, sated with triumph, vanished with his coracle.

Long time did the white-browed waves bear up Erilda: in her last moments, she beheld the pale spectre of Sir Rhyswick, who advanced upon the rolling waters, that seemed to shrink from his feet, placing his fore finger to the deep wound in his breast. More dreadful were her screams —and billow succeeding billow, bore her near the shore. Struggling for life, she

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clung to a loose rock to save herself, which yielding to her grasp, came rolling down and crashed her to pieces.——

The hermit paused.——

Since then has Rhuddlan's castle been the seat of anarchy—Monarchs, indeed, have made it their residence; but, each night, Erilda's screams are heard, and the Warrior of the Blood-red Plume pursuing her through the ruined courts.

Pilgrim, go thy way, nor stop at Rhuddlan—Press in haste the turf that's pregnant with her groans, nor stop till the angry Clwyd at midnight, rising above its banks, wafts her fragile form upon its curling wave, and the cold winds howl forth her sighs.

Pilgrim, go thy way—foul dæmons ride upon the foggy air, curses muttering—their breath is noisome dew, that falling on the fertile field, blasts its wholesome produce, and makes it barren. Nothing teems near Rhuddlan—the productive hand of nature is withdrawn, scorched with the blighting breath of the dread infernal.

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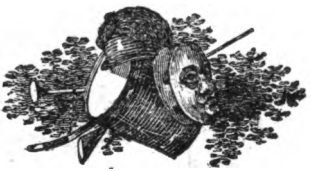
Red are the towers of Rhuddlan—red is the rock on which it stands—and spirits of the Clwyd claim it as their right.

Lady, have you heard Erilda's groans? Pity her sufferings, and regret her errors. She made it no crime to fly her paternal roof, to press in her arms her lover—but shuddered at the idea of ending her father's miseries!

Oh, Lady! trust not a lover's guileful tongue—there is deceit in it: never rashly do an act.—First maturely weigh the consequence. We should not think less of an evil, because it has turned out to our advantage.



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The Weird Witch of the Wood.

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The Weird Witch of the Wood.

This Legend is very popular with the lower class of Welsh, both in North and South Wales. There is scarce a mountaineer but reports it---scarce a mother but lulls her restless infant to its slumbers with the frightful relation of the Weird Witch of the Wood.

PART THE FIRST.

Sir Eldred he vaulted his courser's broad back,
His mane was full long, and his coat shiny black,
His trappings were bright to behold;
And gay was the mantle of Eldred the brave,
And sharp was his dagger, and broad was his glave,
Bestudded with silver and gold.

The full-blooded steed pranc'd the court-yard around,
He paw'd, and he ambled, and spurn'd the pav'd ground,
And then through the gate hied his way;
The Warden he bow'd, but the Knight hung his head,
From Eldred the sunshine of gladness was fled,
And sorrow his mien did array.

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The sun was declining, and Heav'n's bright blue
Now wore the grey tinge, and the night's sable hue,
For, just had the ev'ning bell toll'd;
The peasant, content, plodded home to his cot,
He envy'd no great man, but bless'd his own lot,
Content is far sweeter than gold.

O'er heath, and o'er glen, sped Sir Eldred the Knight,
The warblers had ceas'd their sweet strains of delight;
He enter'd the forest's drear shade.
The wood it was gloomy, and sad sigh'd the blast,
And night 'gan the last gleam of day to o'ercast,
But virtue is never dismay'd.

All sad was Sir Eldred, and woe-worn his heart,
"Ah! wherefore," quoth he, "did my love thus depart?
"Why rends she my bosom in twain?
"Three days would have made fair Elfrida my bride;
"Three days, and the maid would have sat by my side;
"I dreamt not of sorrow and pain.

"But grief is man's portion, so wills mighty Fate;
"Misfortune awaits both the churl and the great;
"Content, then, I'll bear my sad doom."
Thus spake good Sir Eldred, then, heaving a sigh,
The tear gently stole from his downward-cast eye,
His hope was now fix'd in the tomb.

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Dun darkness and horror stole o'er the lone wood,
And spirits of evil 'gan torture the good;
Aloud scream'd the bat and the owl;
The Cloud King, and Fire King, bestrode the bleak blast,
The thunders roar'd hideous, the torrents fell fast,
The ravenous wolf 'gan his prowl.

Still, fearless, Sir Eldred spurr'd onward his steed,
Religion his safeguard, and Jesu his creed.
At length, mid the gloom, he espy'd
A light gliding swift thro' the forest's drear maze,
Sometimes gleaming bluely, sometimes with red blaze,
Dispersing the darkness full wide.

The Knight stay'd his courser, the gleam disappear'd;
Awhile he was pensive, yet nothing he fear'd,
And thither directed his way.
"Perchance," quoth Sir Eldred, "some forester kind,
"May yield me a shelter from torrent and wind,
"Until the first dawning of day."

Swift gallopp'd the steed, while Sir Eldred the Bold,
Drew forth from his girdle, the chain of link'd gold,
Whereto hung his bugle so round;
He blew forth a blast, that was loud and full clear;
Such a blast as the huntsman, when chacing the deer,
Is often accustom'd to sound.

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Sir Eldred, he listen'd, but listen'd in vain;
He heard but the thunder, the pattering rain,
And wind, sadly moan through the trees.
Again, and again, he repeated the blast:
Again spoke the thunder—the rain it fell fast,
And dolefully roar'd the night breeze.

And now again beam'd forth, the pale flitting light,
Dispersing awhile the dun horrors of night.
The Knight spurr'd his steed's panting side,
And as by the gleam of the flame, burning blue,
He sees ruin'd turrets—a clock tolls forth TWO,
He enters the portal so wide.

Sir Eldred dismounted, and fast to the chain,
Which erst, did the ponderous draw-bridge sustain,
His courser's rich bridle he ty'd.
But straight from his sight disappear'd the pale gleam;
His ears were assail'd with a loud piercing scream,
Whilst near him a form seem'd to glide.

Quoth Eldred, "the trampling of footsteps pass'd near,
"The shriek of some suff'rer, but now, caught mine ear,
"'Twas surely the cry of despair.
"Perhaps 'tis some wanderer, like me, left forlorn;
"Whose bosom with keen cutting anguish is torn;
"Whose soul is the mansion of care.

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" The suff'ring are form'd to give suff'rers relief;
" Be mine, then, the task, to assuage this keen grief,
" To heal the dire pangs of the heart."
Thus spake the kind youth—from his breast burst a sigh,
When straight was re-echoed the sad-piercing cry,
He flew to enact pity's part.

O'er turf, and o'er moss-cover'd stones, he proceeds—
O'er fragments of turrets, and rank growing weeds,
That cover'd the court-yard so wide.
At length a huge gateway, Sir Eldred beholds;
He boldly advances, the portal unfolds;
All danger the Knight now defies.

Within, all was darkness—within, all was drear,
Save the sound of his footsteps, nought else could he hear,
They echo'd far through the damp cell,
And fast down the walls pour'd the night's baleful dew,
The lizard here crawl'd, and the toad speck'd with blue,
And sometimes the bat scream'd its knell.

" Whoever thou art," quoth Sir Eldred, aloud,
" To yield thee assistance, 'fore Heaven I've vow'd,
" So all thy intents be but good.
" I'm friend to the wretched—I'm friend to the brave,
" To none, save my God and Redeemer, I'm slave:
" My trust is in Christ's blessed blood."

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But scarce had Sir Eldred these holy words spoke,
When screams and loud yells, thro' the distant vaults broke;
And with a dread slam clos'd the door.
The rain and the thunder, conjoin'd, made a crash—
Blue lightning illumin'd the cell with its flash,
And hideous the night blast did roar.

END OF THE FIRST PART.

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PART THE SECOND.

No fear felt the Knight, for in God was his trust,
The guardian of virtue, the shield of the just,
The Christian's defender and stay;
Sir Eldred, then pac'd to the portal so wide,
He strove to re-ope it, his strength it defy'd;
The Knight felt no dread or dismay.

The youth, lion-hearted, then march'd from the ate,
Regardless of danger, defying ill-fate,
Determin'd the cell to explore;
He grasp'd his strong glave, and his dagger he drew,
And then thro' the drear vault his course 'gan pursue,
His soul did his Maker adore.

Sir Eldred, undaunted, thus pass'd on his way,
Illumin'd full oft by the lightning's blue ray,
And then by a flame, gleaming red;
And sometimes most fearful the shrieks did resound,
And imperfect shadows oft skimm'd o'er the ground,
Pale forms, that resembled the dead.

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The cells having travers'd, he gain'd a deep vault,
'Fore the steps of the portal the Knight made a halt,
For, 'midst the drear dungeon was seen,
A form that was haggard, and loathsome to sight,
A form, that resembled some fiend of the night,
So terribly grim was her mien.

Long hair, raven-black, hung her shoulders adown,
Her skin was deep-furrow'd, her front wore a frown,
Her eyes in their sunk sockets glar'd;
They shed forth a gleam, fraught with malice and ire,
A gleam, fraught with horror, and cruelty dire,
Like mortals, whose senses are scar'd.

Sharp-pointed and long was her prominent nose,
And when she her pale skinny lips did unclose,
Display'd were two fangs black and keen;
Thick cover'd with hair was her outstretching chin,
All wither'd and swarthy appear'd her foul skin,
Her rags were the filthiest e'er seen.

Her seat it was made of the bones of dead men,
From charnel-house stolen, death's hideous den,
A skull at her back it was rear'd;
And all round her chair was a ring, red as blood;
'Twas the cruel old hag, the Weird Witch of the Wood,
By living and dead alike fear'd.

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Before her a cauldron burnt dimly and blue,
Whose faint light discover'd a pall of black hue,
Whereon sat a meagre white cat:
Its eyes on the hag were unceasingly bent,
And oft times, a mew, to the night-gale it sent:
'Twas sprinkled with blood of a rat.

Sir Eldred, he ey'd her again and again,
Then gaz'd on the walls of the hideous den,
Where skeletons lanky appear'd;
And there, too, were rang'd rotting ravens, and rats,
Toads, owls, lizards, scorpions, and web-footed bats,
And hemlock, and rue that was sear'd,

The hag then uprose, malice shot from her eyes,
"I sniff it, Grimalkin, I sniff it!" she cries;
The cat, mewing, scratch'd the black pall.
"I feel it; I know that the moon turns blood-red;
"To-morrow the sun shall conceal its bright head;
"On trees blighting mildew shall fall.

"Hist! hist! my Grimalkin, I sniff the cold rain,
"On the heath, where the murderer rots in his chain,
"His ghost, yelling, tears up the sod.
"The sinful old abbot, by all thought so chaste,
"Now drinks, as he presses a wench round the waist,
"Thus making the devil his God."

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And then the witch thrice wav'd her wand in the air,
And mutter'd to Satan, a magical pray'r;
"To work, my Grimalkin," she cry'd.
Anon the cat mew'd, and the black pall withdrew;
The knight started back, for beneath it, he knew,
The form of his fair betroth'd bride.

Elfrida, so lovely, now struck Eldred's sight;
The damsel so peerless, of beauty so bright,
Was motionless stretch'd to the view.
"Now come, my Grimalkin, her skin quickly jag,
"I thirst for her heart's blood;" exclaimed the foul hag,
"Tear open those veins of light blue."

"Hold, beldam, accurs'd" cried the bold frantic youth,
As forward he rush'd, nerv'd with virtue and truth,
And rais'd high the death dooming glave.
"Give back to these arms, fair Elfrida, my wife,
"Nor dare, with your magic, attaint her sweet life,
"Or soon shall you sink to the grave."

"Now, welcome, Sir Eldred," the beldam replied,
As grinning with malice, her lips open'd wide,
"Thou'rt welcome, young stripling, to me:
"Blade, shiver! and instant be nerveless his hand!"
The Knight straight was powerless at her dire command;
"My spell shall be two-fold," quod she.

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And now peals of terrible laughter resound,
And shouts and loud yells thro' the drear vault rebound:
The Weird Witch oft paces the ring.
"You're welcome, Sir Eldred," the hag once more cries,
As fast to his visage she rivets her eyes;
"Good luck to my charm dost thou bring.

"Now speed thee, Grimalkin; now speed thee!" quoth she.
"Go, summon my spirits by one, two, and three:
"My Grizzle, Black Sack, and Red Gill;
"And when they surround thee, mark well what I say,
"For, shouldst thou in aught my commands disobey,
"Five drops of thy blood will I spill.

"Bid the first tear a shroud from some festering dead,
"And one of the green eyes tear out of the head;
"The second of bones may bring four;
"The third must the yew-tree stalk nine times and five,
"And catch me a toad and three lizards alive,
"That now crawl beneath the church door."

Grimalkin straight sprang from Elfrida the fair,
And swift as keen lightning, that darts thro' the air,
He vanish'd from out the drear cell.
The Weird Witch, with eyes on the hapless youth bent,
Seem'd wickedly planning her hell-fraught intent,
But strange is the truth I shall tell.

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PART THE THIRD.

As she gaz'd on Sir Eldred, her look became kind,
For love, the most lustful, took place in her mind,
She look'd, and the more she admir'd.
"Elfrida, my rival, shall die," mutter'd she;
"And Eldred, the Knight, soon my husband shall be;
"Or tortur'd I'll see him expire."

The Weird Witch then hobbled the blood-ring without,
And prais'd the sad youth, as she pac'd him about,
Admiring from top to the toe;
At length, cry'd the hag, "I will save thee, Sir Knight,
"For, lo, thou hast much favour found in my sight,
"I'll free thee from pain and from woe.

"But ere I such bounty to thee do award,
"First swear by thy soul to become my true lord,
"Then mark ye the dowry I'll bring:
"The earth, seas, all nature, thou then mayst explore;
"With wings thro' the regions of air shalt thou soar;
"Of spirits I'll make thee the king.

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"The riches of East and of West shall be thine;
"I ask in return that thy love may be mine?
"Nought else at thy hand I require.
"The wealth of the North and the South I'll impart,
"I ask in return but to govern your heart,
"I'll love with as ardent a fire.

"But more than all this I have left in reserve,
"'Gainst age and grim death I thy life can preserve,
"No evil shall thee e'er befall;
"I'll make thee immortal and blooming to view,
"So thou'lt only swear to be loving and true,
"All things shall obey at thy call."

These words heard Sir Eldred, with rage and disdain,
Like bolt of dread thunder they struck to his brain,
And then, again chill'd was his blood.
At length he exclaim'd, "Fiend of hell, I defy
"Thy love, as thy hate, for my trust is on high,
"I loath thee, Weird Hag of the Wood."

"Rash youth!" cry'd the witch, her head palsy'd with rage,
"Wou'd you thus gain my love, and my hatred assuage,
"'Tis sworn, and in tortures you die.
"And first, that your pangs may be doubled, I swear,
"Piecemeal shall be torn, your Elfrida the fair,
"Her torments shall soon meet your eye.

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" Though dead to the sight, she will living be found,
" She now lies entranc'd, by a mighty spell bound,
" My touch shall the damsel restore."
The hag hobbled on to the lovely pale maid,
And thrice on her bosom, her wither'd hand laid,
A deep oath to Hecate she swore.

Now slowly the eyes of Elfrida unclose,
And slowly her cheeks wear the tint of the rose,
Her bosom now heaves and recedes.
Sir Eldred, transported, forgets all his pain,
He rushes to clasp her, but all is in vain,
His efforts the charm'd ring impedes.

" My life, my Elfrida, my true betroth'd bride,
" My life, my belov'd !" Then the frantic youth cry'd,
" Look, look, on your own loving Knight."
Elfrida, enraptur'd, bends on him her eyes,
She views him, and fainting with joy, straight replies,
" 'Tis Eldred, my soul's dear delight."

Now stole o'er the pavement, Grimalkin, the cat,
Her jaws held the limbs of a new mangled bat;
Behind her came grim spirits three.
The first was Grey Grizzle, all meagre to view,
The second was Sack, of the raven's dark hue,
But Red Gill was ugliest to see.

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And five times they ran round the ring red as blood;
And five times they bow'd to the Witch of the Wood.
Cry'd Grizzle, "I've brought eye and shroud."
"And here," quoth Black Sack, "are the rotting bones four."
"A toad, and three lizards, from under the door,
"I've caught," quoth Red Gill, "as I vow'd."

"And wilt thou my proffer'd love instantly share?
"And wilt thou, for me, thy Elfrida forswear?
"Resolve!" cried the hag, big with ire.
"No; rather than shun fair Elfrida for thee,
"My pangs will I bear, and her tortures will see."
"'Tis said, and ye both shall expire."

And now 'gan the Witch rend the shroud with her hand,
And then to her spirits she gave the command;
They sprang tow'rd the maiden so bright.
The Knight was enhorror'd—the hag ghastly smil'd;
Elfrida was frantic—Elfrida scream'd wild,
"Oh! save me, my Lord, my lov'd Knight."

Her shrieks rouz'd Sir Eldred; he flew tow'rd the ring;
Then cry'd, "My Elfrida, some comfort I bring,
"God ne'er will the faithful neglect."
The Knight from his bosom a crucifix drew;
He rais'd it; the hag and her fiends the cross knew,
Nought else could Elfrida protect.

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For lo, it was carv'd from the true Holy Rood,
Whereon the Redeemer had spilt his life's blood;
'Twas gain'd by Sir Eldred the Knight—
'Twas gain'd when wide Palestine's plains he had sought,
And mighty atchievements for Christians had wrought.
In many a bold bloody fight.

The Weird Witch shrunk back, as the sign she beheld;
While loudly the sprites, and Grimalkin, then yell'd,
And strait from the vault disappear'd;
The hag, mutt'ring blasphemy, faded in air;
The charm was dissolv'd, and Elfrida the fair,
Was soon by the gentle youth cheer'd.

Now back to the castle they bent their glad way,
Increas'd was their love by the third dawning day,
Which made fair Elfrida a bride;
And loud in the hall sang the minstrels their joy,
Each vassal was welcom'd, no soul felt annoy,
The bride sat the bridegroom beside.

And now let this Legend instruct all the good,
To bend low the knee at the Lord's Holy Rood,
Before it fades ev'ry dire spell;
May the tale of Elfrida and Eldred the brave,
Teach men to remember that God still can save,
And frustrate the purpose of hell.

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The Sighs of Ulla.

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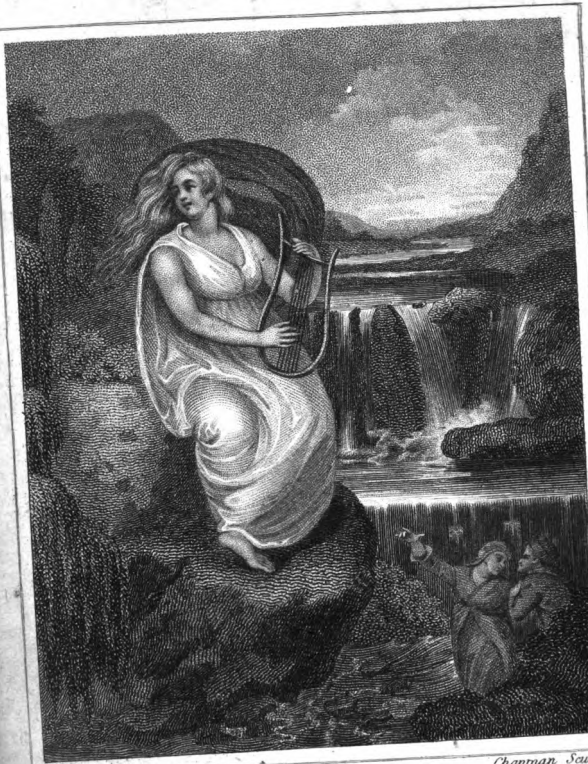

Drummond Delin. Chapman Sculp.

Sighs of Ulla.

London, Published as the Act directs, Jan.y 1. 1802. by Earle & Hemet, Albemarle St.

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The Sighs of Ulla.

About seven miles from Machynleth (Mahunkleth) in the road to Cader Idris, in Merionethshire, surrounded by most romantic scenery, the silvery torrent of Dyflas, broken into numberless cascades, is seen throwing itself down the rocky chasms in the mountains that are hollowed out by the ceaseless action of the overwhelming flood. Precipitating itself into a deep valley, divided into many streams, it pursues different courses; here, struggling through a bed of mingled weeds and stones, it gayly flows by verdant meads and flowery banks; there, foaming through a stony channel, it urges its flight, and wave rolling on the back of wave, goads it on through the sloping valley; the surrounding rocks re-echo with the loud splashing noise of the Dyflas fall, and mingling with it is heard a melodious whispering, resembling the tones of the Æolian harp, which the credulous inhabitants of the almost untenantable hamlets adjacent, entitle, *The Sighs of Ulla.* There is nothing improbable in the Legend which they relate; it is, doubtless, one of those traditionary tales that originated in facts, and which the teller of every century, even to the present

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day, has taken care to embellish with a number of extraordinaries which never will, nor ever could exist. We think the tale too interesting to be jumbled with their absurd superstitious notions; and shall relate it in its nearest approach to fact. Ulla is said to be the daughter of Alan, King of Bretagne, the kinsman of Cadwallader, King of Britain; who, in the weakness of superstition, abdicated his throne, and left his only son, Edwal, yet in his minority, under the protection of the former Prince: which circumstance gives rise to the tradition. A. D. 689, a famine, attended by a pestilential disease, raged in Britain, and Cadwallader, to avoid the threatened destruction, retired with most of the nobility of his court, and other subjects, to Bretagne, where he was hospitably received by his kinsman Alan. After residing with him some time, hearing that the famine had ceased, and that the Saxons, with increasing power, were extending their conquests, Cadwallader determined to return home and crush their rising strength. For this purpose, he collected together a large army, composed of his own subjects, and his allies the Bretons, Alan furnishing him with a suitable fleet to transport them across the channel; but, at the moment when this weak Prince was about to embark—when he should have gone to save his country, or perish in its ruins, a vision, which he fancied, warned him to renounce the cares of state, and go immediately to Rome and take holy orders from the Pope. This design he imparted to Alan,

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who, from base motives, advised him to act up to the pious intent. The books of the two Merlins were consulted on this occasion; they confirmed him in his delusion, and he proceeded to Rome, where he submitted to have his head shaven, and be initiated into the order of White Monks. This King lived eight years as a religious recluse; with him died the imperial dignity of the British government. No sooner was the throne abdicated by Cadwallader, than Alan, under colour of acting for the common cause, attached to his service the Welsh followers of the late Prince, and these, with a body of his own troops, made a descent on the western coast of Britain, under the command of his son Ivor, who, successful in arms, usurped the throne of Wales, and added Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset to his dominion. Edwal was a mild and amiable Prince, remarkable for his beauty. Residing at the court of Bretagne, Ulla, the sister of Ivor, grew enamoured of him; they were married, and it is related of this Princess, that she struggled to place him upon the throne of his ancestors, of which her own brother had deprived him.

——WHY dost thou weep, thou wintry-bearded sage, and o'er the cold turf breathe thy unavailing sighs? Thinkst thou to rouze the clay cold corpse that lies be-

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neath, or move to compassion the earth that doth embody it? Alas! how little dost thou know of death, that nips the fairest blossom, and oft untimely crops the budding flower: but, see, thy tears rolling down thy shrivelled cheeks, fall and sink into the damp sod, ashamed of thy puerile weakness.—Is it a daughter or a son you mourn; or the mistress of your heart's heart? No common calamity could depress you thus. It must be the death of one whom you prized above existence, who sat enthroned in your bosom, and whose breath of life was mingled with your own. Thou liftest thine eye to mine!—Why shakest thou thine head?—I prithee speak! —Let fortitude congeal the tear that thy affection softens, and when composure reassumes her empire, I prithee then unfold thyself to me.

—— Fair stranger, go, go thy path, nor interrupt an old man's grief; the road before thee is even. Thy cup of life is not yet half exhausted, and sweet are the

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remains; for thou dost seem of cheerful disposition of mind, unsuited to the turn of sadness; yet there is much tenderness in thine eye, much feeling in thy expression, and Heaven has gifted thee with every innate virtue and fortitude, to cherish them in a world where temptation, in every corner, lurks like a snake in a bed of flowers, to allure and to destroy.

—— Now peace be with you, reverend father, but you have arouzed my curiosity; I do long to know why upon the turf you fix your reddened eye, and weep, and droop, and sigh, and sigh again, as though you held deep converse with the winds, that answer in timid response each feeble plaint.—Speak? good father, and you shall find a heart eager to cheer you in your affliction.

—— Pass on, lovely stranger, for my grief is infectious; participate not in it, but go, go thy way. Yet, think not the tears I shed are of selfish origin—they fall not for a son lost, or a daughter torn from

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me, but for crimes of man. Each morning dawn beholds me prostrate on this turf, while the surrounding rocks echo my broken sobs!—But read these annals, and if thou canst, pity and forgive those whose errors are the subject of reproach.

ULLA was a Princess of Britanny—her hair was white as the mountain snow, and she was called the Maid with Silver Locks. —Like the bright evening star that darts its radiance through the twilight mist, she shone in her father's court: all hearts did her homage.—But Ulla loved young Edwal, the heir to the throne of Wales.

Why sings the bard in the hall of Alan?—Why does he raise his voice and trill the jocund song, when Ulla, the peerless maiden of the court, is sad?—Alas! dejection, like the summer wind, thwarting the new plucked rose, feeds upon the bloom of her cheek; and melancholy sheds her saffron tinge upon her brow.—See where she sits smiling in her tears, like an April sun darting his efful-

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gent rays through gloomy showers!—Weep not, fair Ulla, for him you love feels your pangs; and one fire mutual glows in each bosom.

"Sigh not Ulla," cried the King of Bretagne; "for Edwal, the emperor of your heart, shall be your lord—the sharer of your downy couch; and loud shall the bard sing in the hall the song of joy, and swift shall the mirthful goblet circulate the board—the heady cwrrw shall be exhausted in drinking your happiness—and twice twelve rounds shall the sun perform, ere our festivity decrease."

"And does the lord of thousands then approve my choice? the sovereign of his subjects' hearts.—Mightiest of chiefs, I pray you, let the day draw near; give orders that the humblest of your train shall share the pleasures that animate our bosoms."

"There shall be no heart but shall feel the glow of our munificence, which shall be administered like the gentle dew that

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falls and nurtures the basest plant. The day of Ulla's nuptials shall be a day of universal joy—sweet shall be the numbers of the rustic song, exciting the village maids to trip along the green—more sweet shall be the lay breathed from the pastoral pipe beneath the hawthorn tree."

A new created colour tinged the cheek of Ulla—pleasure sparkled in her eye, her bosom heaved in transport.

"Oh, Edwal!" she cried, advancing to the youth who lay prostrate beneath a bending willow that shed its drooping boughs over the rippling brook; and twining her lily arms around his neck—"Say, will you love the fond Ulla less when she's your bride, or with unabated passion will you still caress her? Say, shall not Ulla be dearer to you than ever, when she has resigned herself to your arms?"

"Alas!" sighed the red-haired youth, "such bliss is not reserved for me; endless regret must be my bitter portion, unceasing sorrow be my hapless lot."

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"Oh, my heart's lord!" cried the enraptured maid; "Arise to joy and happiness, for the monarch of Bretagne sanctions our loves, and bids us look forward to the mighty day."

"How!" returned the astounded youth, "shall Ulla then be the bride of Edwal? Does king Alan so decree?"

"Yes, yes!" sighed the maid, and sunk upon his bosom. Edwal returned her caresses—he twined his arms around her neck, and pressed his lips to her's.

Never were two hearts more firm in unison; they beat for each other; one fire unceasing burnt in each bosom; mutual were the sighs that swelled each breast.

Uprose the ruddy cheeked god in his chariot of burnished gold, and swiftly the white-maned steeds urged their æthereal flight across the horizon. The harp and timbrel sounded in the court of Bretagne, where festivity began her reign as the morning dawned upon the nuptials of the silver-haired Ulla. White flags waved

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on the turrets of the palace, and throngs of ventrous knights, equipped in warlike steel, came to be entertained at the marriage feast. A tournament was held in honour of the day, and Ulla decided the prize to the bold youth, whose skill and ingenuity in the contest proclaimed him the victor.—Edwal received the scarf from her fair hand, amidst the applauses and acclamations of the whole court.—It was noon when the rites were performed; and Ulla appeared before the priest habited in virgin white; her silver locks hung in ringlets on her snowy bosom, and down her taper limbs flowed the loose robes. Two maidens bore her train; and when the vow was exchanged that made her the bride of Edwal, the happy youth pressed her to his heart with increased ardour, and lisped in her ear a vow of eternal love.

All was festivity in the palace of Bretagne: the king, with hospitality, welcomed each comer—the tables groaned be-

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neath the weight of the feast—and the song of the bard echoed in the halls. Edwal, with the virgin Ulla, pressed the downy couch; connubial bliss was theirs, and all the transports of a fond attachment; each hour brought with it new enjoyments. There was no heart in Bretagne but was glad; for the festivity was extended to the meanest of the kingdom: Thus passed the first nine days in transports unequalled, until interrupted by the presence of Cadvan, a mighty British chief, by whose powerful arm, many lances had been shivered. His bosom teemed with sparks of patriotic fire—he was of Cambrian birth, and a follower of the late prince Cadwallader, who abdicated his throne. Anger sparkled in his jet-black eye; as he approached, rage flushed his dark cheek; and generous choler strangled his rising voice.

"I bring news from Britain," cried the haughty chieftain, advancing with firmness, to the royal presence. "Ivor, the

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son of Alan, and brother of the Princess Ulla, has conquered Cornwall, Devon, and Somerset—has made peace with the Saxons—and usurped the throne of Wales."

The chieftain paused—all eyes were bent upon him—an universal silence reigned throughout the hall. Pale was the cheek of Alan.

"Why dost thou not speak, thou King of Bretagne?" cried the chief. "Why dost thou not rise in arms, and crush the rebel of thy loins? Or, art thou, too, leagued against the rightful heir to the throne of his country?"

Edwal sat in silence; but the King regained composure.

"Let not the ill deeds of an ungracious son dissipate our mirth," exclaimed the monarch; "I banish him from my heart. Ivor may reign upon the throne of Wales, but Edwal shall be the son of Alan."

"And be more blessed in that title, than were he emperor of the world;" returned the Prince.

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"Degenerate issue of the most noble race!" cried the offended Cadvan, "No longer worthy of the name of Briton, I will no longer acknowledge thee the son of Cadwallader—thou art unworthy the throne of thy ancestors—thy country disclaims thee, thou impotent Prince, that art made the footstool of an ambitious monarch."

The blue-eyed Ulla, with affection, embraced her Lord; and Edwal disregarded the anger of the impetuous chieftain. The golden-haired god, mounted in his chariot of beams, daily arose from the green wave; and seven moons were wasted since Ulla became the bride of the banished Prince.

"Let us return unto the shores of Cambria," cried Cadvan. "Oh! Edwal, of the race of heroes, let us once more hail our native land. Return, thou son of kings, to the palace of thy fathers, and rule thy warlike people. The child of thy loins now lives in the womb of Ulla; let

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it not see the light of Bretagne—let us hasten to the white cliffs of our country."

Ulla hung upon the bosom of her Lord —her blue eyes were filled with tears.

"Prove thyself worthy the name of father," continued the chief; "and give thy son the crown which thou shouldst wear. No longer wander in a foreign court, but, with thy Ulla of silver locks, seek the country of which she's rightful Queen."

Ulla arose from the bosom of her Lord; a newly-created fire seemed to illuminate the whole of her countenance.

"Yes," she cried, "Edwal *must* reign the Lord of Britain. Let hosts of warriors be gathered on the strands.—Ulla will, herself, be forward in the fight."

Cadvan fell prostrate at her feet; she raised him with her lily hand from the ground, and the warrior pressed it to his lips.

"Who rides upon the white-brow'd wave?" cried Ivor, the usurper, to his fol-

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lowers. "Come they with their spears foremost, threatening war, or are they pointed to the ground?"

"In peace they come not," was replied. "I saw the spears of the mighty at the vessel's helm, and Edwal comes in terrible array, aided by Cadvan and his thousands. The sword of the warrior is yet moist with the blood of heroes. Green as the sedgy wave that's near the shore, is his croslet; and blood-red is the cross upon his shield. Strong and athletic is Cadvan, the grey-headed warrior of the tribe of Britons: his brow is as the brow of the mountain that scowls upon the vale; his anger, as the furious storm, tearing from his root the lofty oak. Often has he plunged in the thickest of the fight, and drove whole hosts before him: his voice is strong as the furious blast, and terrible is the look of the slayer of the brave."

"Slave!" cried the dauntless Ivor; "Comes he vauntingly on the wave? Have I not seen the grey-headed warrior,

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Cadvan, the mighty in war, call up the valiant from their rocky beds, and let us bend forward to the fight. My spear is yet unbroken—my shield is covered with the blood of the valiant."

"Mighty warrior!" cried the bard of Ivor; "Cadvan standeth like the oozy rock, whose sides are covered with the whitened foam; his shield is battered with the strokes of the fight, and his red eye scowls on danger; but Ivor, in the sanguinary fight, shall overcome the warrior, at whose dread name even heroes tremble—for Ivor is the mightiest of the mighty."

The vessels of the much-dreaded Cadvan now approached the shore, and numberless warriors lined the strand; their banners waved high upon the white cliffs of Albion, and the reflecting sun shone upon their polished shields. Now they rush forward as a thick-gathered cloud; for Ivor's strong host appears in view: and see, where Cadvan directs the storm, death follows every blow, and the vaunting Saxon is laid

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prostrate on the ground. Edwal hurls the gigantic spear—a thousand swords are unsheathed—and streams of blood float along the coast. The blue-eyed daughter of Alan pressed forward in the fight; she held a blood-besmeared sword in her hand—war and death sat upon her cheek—and over her shoulders flowed her silver locks.—She seemed the angry goddess of the fight; destruction marked her steps; where the battle raged most was she seen; and Edwal by her side, warded the arrows that were aimed at her breast. Her vigorous example gave animation to the soldiers, who fought like tigers in the throat of death; shield clashed against shield—sword met sword—and the stout javelin pierced the heart of the bold.

Ivor and all his host flew; and Cadvan and his clan followed them beyond the mountains, but Edwal was faint: his shield was covered with glory, and he leaned upon the shoulder of the heroic Ulla.

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"Thou king of heroes," cried the female warrior, "thy sword is not broken in the fight, but thou hast pierced the bosoms of many. Does fever parch thy lips? Recline upon my shoulder, and I will lead thee to the cooling spring; and see where Cadvan comes, to hail thee lord of Britain."

Edwal drank of the mountain spring, and colour once more flushed his livid cheek: upon the green turf he laid his weary head, and Ulla watched over him, while a gentle sleep shrouded his haggard eyes. Black and deadly grew the features of Edwal; parched were his lips, and a white foam frothed at the corners of his mouth. Ulla gazed upon him with terror —she screamed—more deadly grew the visage of the unhappy youth; his body swelled, and the greenness of death encircled his eyes. Ulla laid her cheek to his, but it was cold; she pressed her hand to his heart, but its pulsation was for ever gone.

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"He's poisoned!" exclaimed the frantic widow; "Edwal has breathed his last," she faintly uttered, and fell upon the senseless body.

Weep, weep, ye sons of men! The lily of the field is cropped! Weep, for ye shall not look upon his like! Mourn, hapless country, that ye have lost a prince, mild as the morn, in virtue unexampled.—Weep, thou silver-haired Princess of Bretagne! Bedew his grave with your tears—scatter your white locks upon the turf, and rend the air with your sighs, for Edwal is no more! The sun withdraws his beams—clouds usurp the heavens, and torrents of rain give tokens of the Prince's death. Why are ye silent, ye bards of Cambria? Why strike ye not upon your mournful harps, and tune your wild grief, for the Prince's death? Alas! alas! sorrow, like the storm that o'er the mountains lower, has overwhelmed your bursting hearts. Hide you, ye men of Cambria, in your graves, for your liberties are become a mist—

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Edwal, the enlightened Edwal, is no more, and anarchy shall scatter her flaming brands upon your mountains and in your vallies.

The grey-headed Cadvan, dissolved in tears, wept over the ill-fated youth; and Ulla was inconsolable. The tyrannic Ivor in his flight, had poisoned the mountain-spring, and given death to the most virtuous of princes. The daughter of Alan was brought to a premature delivery; she ushered into the world a smiling infant, who, unconscious of his miserable condition, pressed to his mother's bosom.

"Joy animates my heart," cried Cadvan of the Mighty; "for this young Prince shall my sword be still unsheathed, and I will hurl war's flaming brand into the camp of Ivor. The usurper shall be tossed from the height to which his ambition has raised him, and this young Prince be seated in the regal chair of his fathers."

"Let us," cried the silver-haired Ulla,

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her blue eyes suffused in tears, " Let us, with our own hands, deposit in the earth all that remains of Edwal; and do you, Cadvan, over his cold tomb, swear to see this infant righted."

" I swear," cried the venerable warrior.

Wild was the grief of Ulla; upon the threatening rock she sat and sung, and o'er the grave of Edwal tuned the harp of Caradoc the Grey, the bard of Cyfeilog, —" Fallen, fallen, is the hero; fallen, the hope of his country! His angry spirit wanders on the shore; his soul is flown to lands where his fathers dwell. Fallen, fallen, is the red-haired Edwal, of the race of Princes!

" Cold as the hoary frost of winter is the blood in his icy veins—cold, cold is his heart—But his name is warm in the remembrance of the good, for virtuous was Edwal of the race of Princes.

" O'er his clayey grave the daisy droops his head, and dies and withers the leaf of

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the tulip. Fairer than the lily was the bosom of the youth—his cheek more lovely than the blushing rose—his breath more fragrant than the violet—his lips more sweet than the carnation—his teeth more white than the summit of Idris, when crowned with the dazzling snow. Tall as the poplar tree was Edwal, of the race of Princes.

"His spirit rides upon the winds of Heaven; his red hair is seen waving in the clouds; his voice is as the ring-dove's, sweet; and in the timid breeze he sighs, Edwal of the race of Princes.

"Why are my eyes clouded in mist? Heaven let me behold his beckoning form, that calls me to other regions; let me not touch the trembling harp in vain; let my voice ascend to the curved cloud, on which sits the murdered hero, Edwal of the race of Princes.

"High above the mountains rise the mists of night, and fiery meteors from the earth ascend. Cold is the air that wafts my

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locks aside; keen and penetrating the winds that howl through the rocks, from which the rilling waters fall.

"Lie still, my child; cling to thy mother's breast; her breath shall keep thee warm, although her heart is chill. The night blast will have pity on thy weakness, for thou art the orphan of Edwal, of the race of Princes.

"The pitiless mountain hollows echo back my groans, and fast falls the hoary frost upon my cheek. Alas! alas! why are not Ulla's sighs heard by thee, thou lord of her heart? For thee she raises the mournful song—for thee she plaints unceasing, thou slaughtered King of Britain; whom bards revere; whose virtues are chronicled in the book of the Most High—whose acts shall live in the remembrance of the aged, thou Prince of the race of Princes."

Thus sung the distracted Ulla to the wide waste before her; but Cadvan prepared her a residence in the rock, to shelter her from the inclemencies of the wea-

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ther. He disbanded his troop, and awaited the growth of the young Prince, ere he struggled for the crown.

Roderig was the son of Edwal called, Roderig Molwynog. He was strong in his youth, and hunted the fox upon the mountains—the stout javelin he hurled with force: he was habited in the skin of the beast his courage had brought down—the horn of the untamed goat was suspended at his breast—his hair was black, and in curls; and on his head he wore a cap, made from the fox's hide—his legs and feet were bare, and so his arms—light and agile was the Prince—o'er rocks and crags he'd bound—swift as the bleating kid up steep and o'er the yawning gulph—he eat of the rabbit of the warren, or of the nut-cracking squirrel—his beverage was the glutinous cwrrw—his resting-place the hollow of a glen.

With transport did the silver-locked Ulla behold the courage of his heart; and Cadvan instructed him in the art of war.

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But pale grew the cheek of the Princess of Bretagne; her eyes no longer beamed their lustre—death laid his cold hand upon her bosom—the hour of her dissolution approached. Long had she wept the death of Edwal—long had her warm sighs been exhaled from the inmost recesses of her heart.

Ulla was anxious to learn what would be the fate of Roderig; and, with the hoary-headed Cadvan, she sought the residence of the Bard of the Mountain; who, with direful tongue, foretold the happiness or misery of mankind.—In the bosom of a rock he dwelt; where beasts of rapine creep from the howling storm, and the bird of night builds her mossy nest—toads spat their venom at his foot, and viperous lizards crawled up his grey sleeve. He sat upon a rude-formed stool: deep was he in thought; his dark eye was fixed upon a heavy volume, whose pages were extended before him upon a slaty stone, that served him for a table. Ulla, with

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profound reverence, advanced towards him, and the old man arose from his chair.

"What would my daughter," cried the venerable sage, "these volumes should unfold?"

"I would know," returned Ulla, the silver-locked beauty of Bretagne, "if Roderig, the son of Edwal Iwirch, shall wear the diadem that has bound, successively, the brows of his warlike ancestors?"

"Daughter of Alan," replied he, "hear and regard in silence; the book of the sage prophet Merlin shall reveal the decree of fate."

Ulla bowed her head, and the bard proceeded to investigate the pages of the deeply-skilled Merlin, who warned King Vortigern of the disasters that did afterwards befal him.—The bard muttered the sacred oracle to himself; convulsed grew his frame as he continued; his lips trembled—his eyes were fiery, wild, and terrific—he twined in his shrivelled fingers his

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grey locks, which he tore in anguish, and exclaiming, "Roderig shall wear the crown—I dare reveal no more." He threw himself upon the earth; still was the bard convulsed; his cheek was black, and Ulla bent over him with her hands clasped together. At length the sage recovered; he knew not what he had uttered in his fit. Heaven, he averred, had spoken through his organs, and she must question no further.

With joy the mother issued from the cave, and Cadvan was transported with the welcome tidings.

Who blows the blast that shrilly echoes through the mountains? Who winds the loud horn that startles the speckled doe from her covert, and rouses the wily fox from her rocky den? The rabbit burrows still deeper in the earth—the timid deer resumes her legs—the squirrel bounds from branch to branch, and the wild wood-fowl soars aloft, extending her downy pinions in her flight. The breath of the hunter

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fills the sonorous horn, and mantles of green are seen floating in the wind; sportive murder is abroad, and the harmless object of the chace shall bleed the victim of its lust. Sweet as the voice of the syren is the mellow horn of the bold hunter. It rings in the vallies, the dells echo it, and crossing the marsh, it dies away in soft and pleasing strains.

Ivor, the usurper, mounted on a fleet steed, fleet as the wind, presses the turf. He is attended by a gay throng, eager for the sport of the chace; and in the hand of the Saxon Princes the javelin trembles. The hound yelps by the prancing courser's side, his chops are lined with the blood of the timid hare. And, see where the majestic stag, upon yon mountain peak, pricks up his ears to the well-known blast, and flies o'er the barren waste, scorning the earth that shrinks from his nimble hoofs.

Ulla leaned upon the arm of Cadvan, and the usurping King of Britain advanced

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towards her. Her silver locks were bound, and concealed beneath a long-eared cap. Much was she altered since she had first trod upon the shores of Albion, and the monarch knew her not.

"Say, peerless maid," inquired Ivor, "Can you inform me where your King and his retinue may find refreshment? If you reside in these mountains, conduct me, I beseech you, to where I may find a moment's balmy repose."

Ulla knew her brother, and her soul revolted from him: she gave a moment's thought to the horrid murder of her heart's lord, and the rightful King of Wales. Overcome by her emotions, she clasped the hand of Cadvan, and endeavoured to hurry him away.

"Why do you seek to avoid me?" cried Ivor, observing her with dissatisfied eye: "Know you not that the King addresses you?"

"Yes," returned the Princess, heightening her voice; "Yes; I know it is the

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King who addresses me; the son of Alan, of Bretagne—the usurper of the throne of Wales, who poisoned the rightful heir, Edwal. I know the crime by means of which he gained the throne; I know, despise, and hate him."

"How?" exclaimed the infuriated Prince, half unsheathing his sword.

"Strike!" interrupted the heroic woman; "Bury your savage sword in the bosom of her, who espouses the cause of the son of the King Cadwallader. I bare my bosom, that you may reek your vengeance on her who dares to tell you of your usurpation; who dares, in your presence, imprecate the vengeance of offended Heaven upon your head. Strike, thou misguided Prince, I do not fear thy dagger, which, drinking my heart's-blood, will not inflict so deep a wound as that which pierced my brain."

"Who is this distracted woman?" inquired the King.

"Thy curse 'twould be to know her,"

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replied Cadvan, while Ulla leaned upon his bosom: "thy greatest curse; for if thou ever felt for crimes which thou hast committed, the knowledge that thou hast wronged *her* would be thy torment."

"Grey-headed villain, thou jugglest with me; I do not know this woman. How then have I wronged her?"

"By wronging Heaven—by the murder of a virtuous unoffending Prince, who lived in the hearts of his people. Thus, savage chieftain, have you wronged both her and me; but think not long to triumph, for Heaven will revenge. And the day, though to your eyes is slow in its approach, comes on rapid pinions borne; when thou shalt find that repentance for thy crimes is too late."

"I'll hear no more," cried the angered monarch; "Thou, grey-headed ruffian, shalt perish for thy boldness."

The dreadful sword was raised—Cadvan with firmness beheld it, and Ulla, with a scream, rushed upon its point. The hun-

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ters now approached with their dogs;—Cadvan was distracted.

"Murderer," he exclaimed, "Thy sister! thy sister!"

He fell upon the bleeding body of the dying Ulla.—Her silver locks now burst their silken chains, and flowed upon her bosom—her mild blue eyes beamed forgiveness of her murderer—a smile was upon her cheek; and pressing the hand of her venerable protector to her lips, she expired.

Ivor dismounted his steed; pale was his guilty cheek; remorse touched his heart. In vain he called on Ulla; she was flown for ever; and Cadvan, devoid of animation, lay upon her corpse. The blood flowed from the wound in her bosom, and trickled in streams by her side; while Ivor, despairing, stood over her with clasped hands. Horrible were his looks—compunction livid made his cheeks—his eyes glared horribly, and, without meaning—his hair was wild and discomposed—

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a cold sweat chafed his terror-stricken brow. Some of his attendants endeavoured to arouze him from the death-like torpor; but he was insensible.

At length Cadvan arose from the ground; he was more composed, but the tear of anguish rested upon his beard; and endeavouring firmness, he ordered the troop of hunters to bear the remains of the deceased Princess to his cell in the mountain: whither it was followed by the distracted repentant Ivor.

Roderig was out upon the hills, scouting the fearful kid, when they entered the cave; and he returned not until his quiver, full of arrows, was exhausted.

Who weeps and rends his hair, and sighs in broken sobs?—Who bewails the fate of the silver-locked beauty of Bretagne?—Alas! who does NOT mourn for the fallen heroic Ulla?—Is she not in HEAVEN?—Why then is that countenance distracted—that pale cheek soddened with the mournful tear?—Is she not with

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the BLESSED?—Is she not crowned on high with a diadem IMMORTAL?—Why then do you bewail?—Why shed a tear upon her clay?—Does she not repose, enfolded in the arms of ANGELS?—Fond youth, her fate will be your's. No flower that blows but ripens to perish; it buds, it blows, it fades; its falling leaf betrays its dissolution; it expires, and returns to the earth from whence it sprung, and leaves no vestige of its former excellence.

Alas! who can be a philosopher over the grave of his mother?

Roderig was inconsolable: the grief of Ivor was madness. His multifarious crimes crowded upon his brain, and disordered it; he ran wild among the mountains, and made his couch in the most unwholesome glens. He eat of the weeds that grew upon the pointed rock, and drank of the mountain-stream.

"Who rides upon the storm," cried the witless monarch, "and mocks the grief of Ivor? Rack me the traitor that insults his King, and points his scornful

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finger at me. I will have vengeance on the wretch—I'll feast upon his dying groans in laughter, then give his carcass to the winds of Heaven."

"Alas! whose angry spirit's that that glides before me? Comes it to accuse? —Hide me, hide me! Horribly its eye-balls glare: it frowns upon me.—It comes, it comes! Flames devour my heart —my veins are scorched—my brain is on fire—I am lost: abandoned by Heaven."

Thus exclaimed the guilty Ivor, and threw himself into the lake, to cool the raging heat that parched his flesh.

In the mean time Cadvan prepared the earth for the reception of what once was Ulla. The body was wrapped in a long sheet, and borne to the grave by four virgins; flowers were strewed along the path, and the flavour of the violet scented the air they inhaled. Slow and solemn was the procession. First Cadvan occupied the path: the tear upon his cheek—his white beard dishevelled—his hands crossed upon

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his bosom, and his eyes uplifted to Heaven. Next two maidens, with flower-baskets, whose contents they scattered around them: and next the Mountain Bard; his harp was unstrung—wild was his appearance—his vest was variously torn upon his body, and blood streamed down his venerable limbs, wounded by the thorn. Followed him the corps, decked with flowers, and borne by the village maidens; whose countenances expressed regret and sorrow for the loss of her, who lived in all men's estimation. A sigh swelled each bosom; and at their back, Roderig, with streaming eyes, advanced. The youth knew no consolation: Ulla was his only parent, and reflection increased his agony. Ulla was a fond mother, tender, and affectionate; suffice it, Ulla was a mother—and unnatural must be the child who loves not her who gave him being.

Arriving at the grave, Cadvan kissed the earth with fervour. When the body was deposited, the old man's grief was

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unfeigned, for he loved her with the affection of a father, and knew no happiness but what he enjoyed with her. The maidens chaunted a praise to the Lord: and the funeral rites concluded, they paced their way back with solemn step to the adjoining village.

In a hollow, at the foot of four mountains, whose white brows soar high above the vale, and near to an unfathomable lake, stands the grave of Ulla, watered plenteously by the tears of those whose affection for her was unbounded.—At her foot, the tender myrtle shoots its slender branches; at her head, the mournful willow droops and bends over her, as agitated by the blast —often upon the turf has the fresh plucked violet faded—spear-grass, alone, is nurtured by the sod, and unmixed with any of the flowers of the field.

But hark!—Hear you not the harp of the mountain bard? Doleful is the strain he sings: he sits upon the cold turf.—

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Listen! for thus he bewails the death of Ulla:

"Sound, sound my harp, upon the mountain; and, in the vallies, mingle thy voice with the hollow winds that spread o'er the world, and tell the heroes of other lands that darkness clouds the eyes of Ulla.

"She sleeps:—the daughter of Alan sleeps in death—her silver locks are in the grave—her blue soul mounts on high, soaring aloft to the world immortal.

"Sound, sound my harp, and fill the mountain's hollows, that they may reverberate the name of Ulla.—Be still ye falling waters—pause awhile, and stagnate stand upon the rocky brink—be hushed ye winds, or mourn with me—pass gently o'er her grave—pass, and be silent.

"Sweet was Ulla, of silver locks—sweeter than the violet her breath—mild was her voice, and her blue eyes beamed with humility and goodness.

"Strew, ye damsels of health, strew,

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strew upon her grave, flowers lovely as herself; but place not the tulip there, for Ulla was sweet both to the sense and to the eye—open and generous as the May morn was her countenance—her heart, as pure as the flake of snow wafted upon the winds, ere it falls upon the rock.—Doth not the sons of Cambria mourn? Yes, yes, their sighs are warm—their anguish most acute—their hearts are bursting: Ulla was beloved among men.

"Sound, sound my harp, upon the mountains; and, in the vallies, mingle thy voice with the hollow winds that spread o'er the world, and tell the heroes of other lands that darkness clouds the eyes of the peerless Ulla;—never more shall they be revealed unto the light—they are shrouded in death.—Weep, weep, ye sons of men for Ulla, your Queen, is removed to the plain of heroes."

The voice of the bard was plaintive—wild and melodious the surrounding hills echoed back his lay, and the wild goat,

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browzing, lifted up his head as the sounds passed him.

Ivor, the merciless, but repentant Ivor, heard his lamentations as he pressed his rocky pillow, and starting upward leaned his ear to the plain.—He threw his red eye over the waste in vacant stare—his matted locks hung upon his disordered brow—his garments were torn and bloody—the distracted wretch was not awake to anguish, though his lacerated body was covered with wounds:—he beheld them with an inanity of expression, and doffed with his sleeve the filth that clogged them.—He paused awhile, in the act of listening to the song of the bard, on being arouzed; and then, with the speed of lightning, he flew up the precipitous mountain, and again surveyed the waste. His eye glanced upon the grave of Ulla; and he beheld, beneath the weeping branches of the willow, the prostrate bard clasping the cold sod, and moistening it with floods of tears that paced his disordered cheek.

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Ivor approached the turf, with his arms folded; again he paused, and leaning over the venerable sage, he cried: "Why weepest thou, grey-bearded son of man?—What cause hast thou to mourn?—Why should thy sighs be drawn; or, did Ulla live in the hearts of all mankind, and not in the bosom of her own brother? Arise, from the dewed sod; arise, good mourner, 'tis I must press the earth that's consecrated by being the burying-place of the deceased. Ulla, 'tis I must mourn, and in the face of Heaven supplicate for pardon, for I am a wretched murderer—the ambitious Ivor."

The bard lifted his head from the turf. "Are you that Ivor?" he exclaimed: "Are you the usurping King of Britain?—The brother and murderer of the sainted Ulla. Alas! ill-fated man, what could prompt your hand to perpetrate the cruel deed?"

"Pardon, pardon," cried the wretch: "I appeal to Heaven for pardon."

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"Unhappy man! by sad experience you have learnt that crime carries with it its own sting," returned the prophet. "Let after-ages be warned by your example how they submit themselves to be governed by their own passions.—Ambition is the worst and most destructive:—the innocent are the victims of its lust for power; and in its extensive stride, whole cities are destroyed, nations ruined, and fertility blasted. How many thousands have cause to curse the monarch who wages war to add to his territory?—How many wives are widowed—children orphaned? and this for a single individual's thirst for wide dominions. Say, ambitious Ivor, can thy single life atone for the blood of the thousands that have been thy victims? Can thy life satisfy offended Heaven, for the deeds, that for thy gratification have been committed? Say, vain man, thinkest thou the rendering up of thy single breath can expiate the multifarious crimes with which thy soul is clogged?"

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"No more!—No more!" cried Ivor, enhorrored as he paused to dwell on the old man's words. "It is madness to know my crimes cannot be forgiven. Oh, God! I despair of thy mercy: it cannot, cannot, be extended towards one so criminal."

He threw himself in agony upon the turf; and the old man, pitying, endeavoured to console him.

"Depair not, repentant Ivor," returned he, raising him from the ground: "Rail not at the Lord God Omnipotent; for he is merciful.—Put thy trust in his beneficence, and thou shalt find it extended towards thee.—Hope, in repentance, is a faithful balm—it is no delusive shadow which you cling to: hope is a shadow to the vain, but to the remorseful it shall be realized."

Thus spoke the mountain bard; but Ivor raved in the wildness of delirium.

"There is no mercy:" he exclaimed. "There cannot be any shewn to a sister's

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murderer.—Let me not clasp a vision to my bosom: I cannot hope for pardon.—And see where Ulla comes: Ah! she threatens me—she holds the sword of retributive vengeance in her hand.—She comes—she comes! on a blue cloud borne. Oh, hide me! hide me, from her sight: I dare not look upon her—mountains cover me from her I have injured."

Big drops of sweat rolled down his agonized brow—his whole frame became convulsed, and he fell back upon the sod, fainting—overcome with anguish that tortured his bosom. The old man endeavoured to arouze him, but in vain; and some of his troop, at this moment appearing, approached and bore him in their arms to the cavern in the rock. Frothed was his mouth with foam, and tears issued from his half closed eyes—his hands were clenched—his limbs trembled with the strength of the fit that tortured his frame, and the last breath of life seemed to have already issued from his swollen bosom.

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At length he recovered, but quite exhausted; and they bore him to a mat, where a refreshing sleep for a time shrouded his eyes, and he awoke much composed.

"Let the son of Edwal approach my pillow," cried Ivor; "I would, ere I forsake the world, make what little reparation is in my power."

Faint was his voice. Roderig drew near, and the dying man, clasping hold of his hand, bent his sunken eye upon his cheek. "Roderig," he exclaimed, "Can you pardon me—the murderer of your unhappy parents?"

"Be sincere in your repentance," cried the youth; "and Heaven's pardon and mine are both your own."

"Just God knows the sincerity of my heart," returned Ivor; at the same time pressing to his lips the hand of Roderig: he called his followers, who thronged around his couch.

"You behold your King," cried he; presenting the son of Ulla to them. "Swear

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to acknowledge him for your liege Lord—swear to see him seated upon the throne of his ancestors—upon the throne of Britain, which I have so long usurped; and which I now renounce for the rightful heir.—Followers of my fortunes, I release you from your oath of allegiance to me, which must be transferred to Roderig Molwynog. He is the son of Edwal Iwirch ap Cadwallader, and your lawful King."

"We swear," cried the hunters, unsheathing their swords. "Long live Roderig Molwynog, the King of Britain."

Cadvan, transported with joy, flew into the arms of the young Prince; and, "Long live King Roderig," the hills and dales reverberated.

"I am satisfied," faintly articulated Ivor; "I have now made my peace with Heaven—I feel that the Omnipotent is merciful."

The news was soon spread over the kingdom; and Roderig was crowned amidst the loudest testimonials of joy. The Sax-

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ons trembled on his ascension to the throne, for he lived in the hearts of his people.

The sword was once more sheathed in the scabbard, and the dreadful spear was changed for the shepherd's crook. Soldiers changed their warlike habits for a rustic coat; and the wide-mouthed trumpet for the oaten pipe. The flaming brand expired, and the ear of corn flourished; for Roderig was of the mild, and preferred his people's happiness to extensive dominion.

In the mean time, Ivor, who from the time he resigned his imperial dignity, tasted the bliss of a peaceful mind, retired to a convent: where, by unceasing prayer, he gained the heart of the Lord.

Happy, happy, country! Happy, in boasting a Prince mild and virtuous, who will heal the wounds that successive tyrants have inflicted on you, and restore fertility to your blood-stained fields.

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Sing, sing, ye bards, your brightest day now shines!—It is the day of your glory!—It is the day of your triumph!—and the song of joy shall echo in the palace of the Prince, and in the cottage of the peasant. There is no heart in Britain but is attuned to mirth!—There is no widow, but her tears shall be dried—no orphan, but shall find a father in her monarch.—Great are the virtues of Roderig.—Sing, sing, ye bards, in praise of Roderig, King of Britain!

—— What airy form is that which sits upon yon rock?—White are her flowing robes—her locks are streaming in the wind—between her knees she holds the golden harp; and see how her fingers glide o'er the trembling wires.—See, her mild eyes are fixed on heaven.—What beauty in her countenance dwells!—What grace in her demeanour!

—— Traveller, it is the spirit of Ulla, the silver-locked beauty of Bretagne.

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—— What music is that which mingles with the terrific noise of the Dyflas fall: nothing can be more sweet—more wild, and plaintive.

—— It is the Sighs of Ulla.

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The Infidel.

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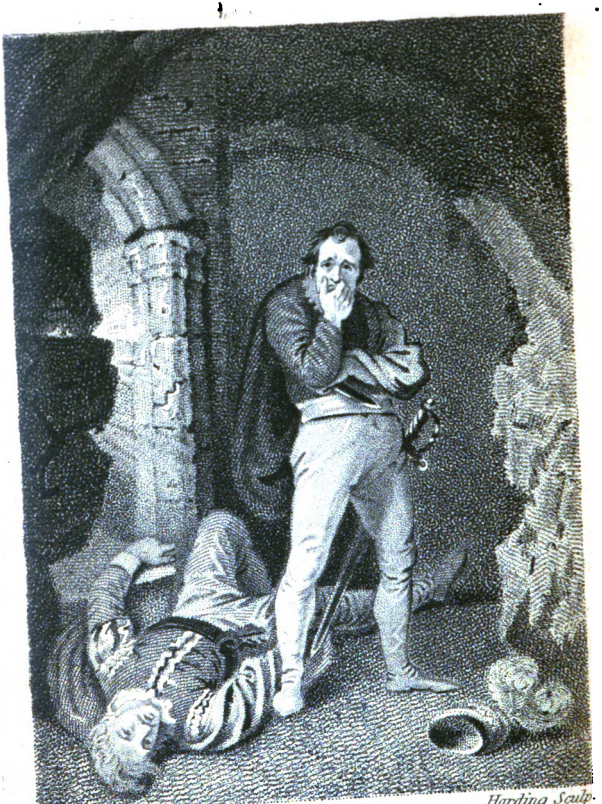

Drummond delin. Harding Sculp.

The Infidel.

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REMARKABLE INSCRIPTION,

Carved in rude characters upon a monumental stone, a few years since discovered buried in the ruins of Llanbedder castle, in Radnorshire:

Theire is butte oune Godde, and he his universaile. Godde is Godde, howeverre you worshippe himme; and he is a true worshipperre who auctethe kindlie in the eie of the Lordde, who reignethe bove the skie.

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Apology.

It has been suggested to me, that an apology was necessary for the following tale, to those who might take umbrage in the cause of religion, at some remarks which will be made in the course of this Legend.

It is as far from my wish, as from my interest, to offend my subscribers, or to enter into any religious controversy. This I mean to avoid by coinciding with the poor Jew, who, being asked vauntingly by a son of the Romish church, which was the best of the three religions, the Catholic, Jewish, or Mahomeddan? answered:—There was a certain rich man, possessed of much monies, who had several children, and being possessed of a very valuable ring, which had been in the family for many generations, he determined by will, to leave the bulk of his property to him who by his virtues should deserve the ring. Accordingly, he had one son of the most unexampled virtue, a youth universally beloved. This son succeeded him, and possessed the ring, who left it to his son, and to his son's son,

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until in regular descent it came to a man who had three sons, all equally good, all equally beloved. Now, this father was at a loss how to act by his children; for, great were the merits of all, and in justice, he could not present the ring to any particular one. Thus he got a curious artificer to make him two rings, so much like the former one, that they could not be distinguished. This was done; and the father, upon his death-bed, called his sons separately into his chamber, and gave each a ring, which every son looked upon as the real one, that had so long remained in the family. Accordingly, they all claimed the right of inheritance: the rings were produced, but they were all so much alike, no difference could be seen. However, by mutual consent, the property was equally divided, and each son enjoyed his proportion with the ring, which he believed to be the true one, and brought up his children in the same belief.

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The Infidel.

THIS Legend is related of the time when the lion-hearted Richard engaged in the eminent crusade, and the war of religion was countenanced by every European court. Many Welsh barons aided the cause, and transported their vassals to Palestine, for the establishment of the Christian cross. Among the rest, Caradoc the Brave, a powerful chieftain of Radnor, the Lord of Llanbedder castle, was not the least forward; but his beard was grey in the service of his country; himself was too old for the war, and the command of his vassals devolved to his only son Adelfred, whom he had by a Saxon princess; a youth of noble virtues, universally esteemed by the troops for his valour and accomplishments. Thus runs the Legend:

SLOWLY were the last rays of the burning sun withdrawn from the transparent lakes—cool were the zephyrs that played around the mountain's light—and salubrious were the airs, which the herdsman inhaled, which made the waters ripple,

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and which revived the drooping flower, parched with the boisterous heat of the parent of fecundity. Sweet were the breathings of the shepherd's pipe to him who had not pressed the turf of Albion for seven long weary years. Sweet was the jocund whistle of the labourer returning to his home, who, with pikle cross his shoulder, trilled the merry song; and sweet the recollection of the day of infancy to him, who, after an absence of seven years, returned to press with transport his parent soil.

It was evening, and upon the river Wye, which, with bold grace, branches from the mouth of the Severn, was seen a double coracle, bearing a pilgrim, as he should seem by his garb, from the holy land, attended by one, whose golden complexion declared him to be a worshipper of the sun, or of the faith of Alla. Joy was visible upon the pilgrim's cheek, mingled with a kind of anxiety; he threw back the thin wave briskly with his paddles; the

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coracle in haste skimmed o'er the yielding billow's brow, and fleet flew the objects on either shore from their sight, as with the rapid tide the slender vessel sailed. Anchoring in a small inland creek, the strangers leaped upon the shore; and the pilgrim, falling prostrate upon the ground, kissed the turf with transport.

"Forgive me, thou God of my country," cried the infidel, upon his knees, with clasped hands, and bowing with worship to the sun, half hidden in the ocean, "thou Great Adorable; who livest in the hearts of thy children, illumined by thy mild influence, forgive thy votary. Thou, who dost extend, in thy charity, thy munificence to the misguided worshippers of another God, forgive thy servant, who has sought their lands, but who owns in his heart no other God but thee."

"Welcome, welcome, happy Albion!" cried the other, "thrice welcome, thou dear place of my nativity! With what transport did I behold thy white cliffs in-

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creasing in size as I approached thy coasts, borne upon the circling wave. And do I once more breathe thy healthful air? Do I once more behold thy fertile fields clothed in luxuriant plenty? And shall I once more press to my arms a father? Oh, Ali Sheing," he added, turning to the infidel, "how do the incidents of my youth recur to my imagination, on returning to my native country! After a tedious absence of a long seven years, what pleasures do my brain anticipate, in once more mingling with the dear partners of my heart, whose love for me is equal to my own. But, come, come," he continued, with a voice expressive of much impatience, "let us away; for, high above yon threatening mountain appears the turrets of Llanbedder, in whose bosom dwells every thing on earth I hold most dear; a father, whose tears for me, during my captivity, hath been doubtless often shed: a cousin, too, in bonds of love and friendship never to expire: and still one other

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object, Ali, for whom alone I live, a female of the most bewitching excellence, with heart most firmly in the cause of virtue; and, oh! that heart is mine!"

Ali smiled.

Rugged and uneven was the path which they pursued; and fast the sun sought his oozy bed in the bosom of the distant ocean. The first thin gauze of twilight was thrown across the earth, which swallowed each object that had so late been decked with the glory of the resplendent monarch of the eastern sky. The rose drew together its blushing head; and the violet waved lightly to and fro, wafted by the timid breeze. The pilgrim often stopped to gaze upon some well-known object, delighted with thoughts that crowded upon his brain; and frequently pointing to what reminded him of former days, would recount to his companion adventures and anecdotes that had filled his youth.

At length, they approached a tall stately

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elm, whose spreading branches extended across the narrow valley they had entered, situate between two hills; around the trunk of the tree, beneath its shady foliage, a small bench was reared; at its foot, a thin transparent rivulet ran purling along, through a clean bed, that wound round the mountain's base.

The pilgrim, ravished with pleasing recollection, threw himself upon the beach, and clasping his hands together, sighed in ecstacy. Ali, endeavouring to awake him from his transports, affectionately bade him arise, and continue his route.

"Oh, Ali!" returned the youth, "most dear to me is this spot; it reminds me of those days when I so often exchanged vows of eternal love with the peerless Helen. Here, at eve, would we sit, and here imprint upon each other's burning lip, the glowing kiss. It was here I swore to Helena, I was her's, and her's alone. And here was it, while I lay reclined upon her spotless bosom, that she sighed, 'Oh,

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Adelfred, I am your's; I live but for you.' God of Heaven! was not Helena like to those superior beings that surround thy regal seat? Did she not diffuse the rays of prosperity that smiled on her, to those who then groaned under a malignant fate? Was it not here her charity was extended towards a poor peasant, who was like to become a victim of disease—of want—who, but for her, would have angered unpardonably his Creator? Was it not her charitable hand that rescued him from despair? Oh, yes; she preserved a father, and a helpless family, from a lingering death, who, in the fulness of their hearts, manifested a gratitude that time never could obliterate. Old Ruthwold——"

"Who calls on Ruthwold," cried a voice from behind the elm, "on the unhappy Ruthwold?"

The pilgrim started up in surprise, and, looking round, beheld an aged man, extended upon the earth. Grey were his venerable locks, and thinly were they scat-

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tered upon his wrinkled brow; he lifted up his head—the white tear oozed at his eyes, and pale was his furrowed cheek.

"Who art thou, venerable mourner?" cried the pilgrim; "Speak, I conjure you! Why is that eye filled with the scalding tear? Pause awhile thy grief, and speak to me."

The sufferer brushed with his hand aside the trembling drop, and, with a voice of mingled doubt and surprise, exclaimed: "Merciful God! it cannot be. Yet, sure—no, no, my eyes deceive me—Lord Adelfred!"

The pilgrim drew nearer.

"Ruthwold!" he involuntarily uttered, and flew into his embrace.

The heart of Ali Sheing melted into a flood of tears—tears of pleasure: he beheld the transports of their meeting with delight—participating in their emotions.

After a few moments consigned to congratulations, questions multiplying upon the tongue of Adelfred, he eagerly in-

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quired after the maid he so much adored, when, turning round, he beheld a rough-hewn stone, raised above the sod, bearing the inscription, "A tribute of gratitude to the memory of Helena."

Adelfred gazed upon it with delirious eye. "Merciful God!" he exclaimed; and uttering a faint scream, sunk breathless upon the turf.

The old man was distracted: he put his hand upon his heart to see if it beat, and perceiving some signs of life, entreated the assistance of Ali Sheing, to bear the fainting Adelfred to his cottage, which stood at the extremity of the valley, upon the borders of a stream. The unhappy youth was borne, in a state of insensibility, to the habitation of Ruthwold, and every means used to restore him to life. He soon revived: and the venerable cottager, when his guest was able to hear what had transpired at the castle of Llanbedder, in his absence, related to him the unhappy change which time had made.

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Caradoc the Brave, as he was called, was in his time a powerful chieftain, the Lord of Llanbedder castle, the friend and favourite of his prince; he wived with a Saxon princess of extraordinary beauty, who died in giving birth to her first and only child, who surviving, was christened Adelfred. For a long time was the wretched father inconsolable for the loss of his beloved Ethela, until time, which dissipates grief, and the infantine prattle of his darling son, who now began to lisp, removed the weight of anguish from his heart. At this time, too, his country was engaged in a fresh war, after a short slumber of two years, and the assistance of Caradoc was required by the reigning prince, to expel the turbulent enemy, who were marching with rapid strides to the center of his kingdom. The gallant chieftain collected together his vassals, and proceeded at their head, in conjunction with other patriotic lords, to the expulsion of the foe. Many battles were fought—many victories

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obtained—and Saxon blood clogged the soil of Wales. At length, the day arrived that was to, either see crushed the aspiring foe, or the native liberty of Cambria expire. The morning sun smiled upon the plain devoted to the sanguinary contest; and both armies, with floating banners, came marching to the field. Caradoc, in a bold and energetic speech, urged his men to act like lions in the broil.

"Be not daunted," he cried, "by the glittering of their shields; remember, you fight for your native country, your native liberty—they for extended glory. What are our motives, but to defend our rights? What theirs, but to subjugate and oppress? They fight for rapine—we for our homes, our native land, and liberty. My brave companions, do not shrink from the sanguinary sword of the foe, but boldly front it; and those whose fate it is to fall, let their example inspire the survivors with the rage and fury of lions, to destroy;

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but, when mercy is demanded, be merciful, for the Lord God is so."

The voice of Caradoc called slumbering valour to the bosoms of the daunted; and now the loud-mouthed trumpet proclaimed to arms—the steady-rolling drum filled the echoes—and soon the martial clash of swords battering shields was heard. The Britons pressed hard upon the foe: Caradoc was seen in the throat of war; blood crowned his sabre's point—and the groans of the dying issued at his feet.

Leofred, a valiant Saxon leader, performed prodigies with his single sword; the Britons were forced to give back wherever he appeared; and him the furious Caradoc was in search of. He cut his way through a defile of soldiery, and snatching a banner from the grasp of a young ensign, defied the haughty chief; who now, disengaging himself from another part of the field, came, bursting with anger and revenge, to the defiance of Ca-

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radoc. The Saxon banner was to be the victor's prize; and the strife commenced. The well-tempered steel of Leofred crushed the helm of Caradoc, and mingled blood and sweat trickled from the seams of the armour of either: now they roll, entwined in each other's grasp, upon the ground—and now, disengaged, they are up again—and steel clashes against steel—each sword emits angry sparks of fire; but Leofred was weak, and his enemy taking this advantage, thrust his well-aimed sabre in the breast of the reeling chief, who dropped his weapon, and fell exhausted and bleeding beneath the arm of his adversary: the last breath issued from his lips—a frown of disappointed vengeance distorted his agonized brow, while he rendered up his soul, that flew in a groan from his gaping bosom.

The Saxons were now put to the rout; no longer able to maintain the field, they fled, in wild disorder, with precipitancy, and great loss: many a valiant heart lay

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bleeding upon the field of slaughter—many a noble soul fled its clayey mansion: the shafts of death were hurled at random, without respect to age or dignity.

The noble Caradoc was severely wounded: faint with loss of blood, he rested upon his sword, and a deadly paleness sat upon his cheek. An arrow, shot from the bow of the flying enemy, pierced his manly breast; the cruel weapon, with fortitude, he plucked aside, and endeavoured to stop the effusion of blood that followed, by applying a bandage to the wound; but still he became more faint: his feeble limbs refused to bear him to the Saxon camp, that was now occupied by his brave countrymen; and, no longer able to sustain him, he sunk upon a pale, mangled corse, that had long since parted with its soul, while a deadly drowsiness overpowered his eyes. The fogs of evening now began gradually to descend upon the earth, and enlivening dews occupied the bosom of the plant, where late the warm

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rays of the fecundating sun had rested; the combatants were all retired from the field —the loud-mouthed trumpet, sounding the glad tidings of victory, had ceased— and each retired army were counting o'er its loss, when, disturbing the stilness that surrounded, the screams of an infant child were heard by Caradoc, who arouzed by the cries of distress, and animated with a new life, by the humanity which warmed every vein in his bosom, he arose upon his weak limbs, and flew to relieve the suffering object, exposed to a miserable, relentless death. He soon reached the spot from whence the shrieks proceeded, and discovered an infant crying with terror, clasped in the arms of its deceased mother. Caradoc was petrified at the sight. A dead soldier lay extended upon the plain; dry were all his veins—the pulsation of his heart was long since gone: upon his bosom rested a woman, his wife, as it should seem, who, wild with grief, had shared his fate, regardless of her duty

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to her tender offspring, whose cries were heart-piercing, and whose little hands were stained with its parents' blood.

Caradoc, unmanned by the sight, and yet invigorated with the hope of giving relief, eagerly seized the defenceless object, and flew with it in his arms, in hopes of gaining the camp, but each step he became more faint: still he pressed forward, till at length, with a groan, he relinquished the path, and, unable to proceed, awaited with resignation the interposition of Heaven in his favour. A short interim had elapsed, during which the child's cries continued, when footsteps were heard at some distance, and a number of torches were seen flaring in the hands of a small group. Caradoc, now summoning all his voice, hallooed loudly for assistance. The halloo was instantly returned—Caradoc joyfully repeated the cry—and the footsteps were heard approaching nearer. Their voices were now distinguished: again Caradoc repeated the cry—and instantly the men surrounded him.

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The Cambrian chiefs sat in council, on missing the brave Lord of Llanbedder instantly dispatched scouts over the field to bring news of him; these were a party whom Caradoc hailed, and he was immediately borne to the tent of the assembled chieftains. The surgeons declared his wounds not dangerous—that he was only faint for loss of blood. Healing ointments were instantly applied, and he was conveyed to a couch, where sleep refreshed him, and recruited strength to his enfeebled body. Equal care was taken of the helpless infant, committed to the protection of a humane villager, the mother of a newly-born babe. Each day brought with it strength to Caradoc; and, in a short time, he was thoroughly recovered.

The Saxons, disgraced by this recent defeat, and feeling the severity of their loss in the death of their leader, the intrepid Leofred; evacuated Wales, and left it to enjoy a temporary peace. The British chieftains now retired with their vas-

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sals to their castles again, to indulge in hospitality, and add a lustre to their names, by extending their munificence, undiminished, to their dependents, and the defenceless. Never was pilgrim known to depart dissatisfied from the castle of Llanbedder—nor ever did tongue reproach the bounteous Caradoc; his return from the war, was hailed with unfeigned transports, and the praises due to him were lavished with truth and freedom. The good Lord sheltered in the castle the orphan whom he had rescued from a pitiless fate that awaited it, and brought it up as his own; the child was christened Helena, and, soon as she could speak, equally profited with the young Adelfred, by the paternal instruction of the virtuous chieftain. The children grew beneath his eye, lovely and amiable—they regarded each other as brother and sister, and both called Caradoc father: their minds were formed by the most virtuous of men; and, with the shoots of reason, every virtue dawned; the im-

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pression was made upon their hearts—it was the love of doing good, which carries with itself so grateful a pleasure, that the mind never ceases its labour, to crown the heart with bliss.

Adelfred was now ten years old, and Helena just entered her ninth, when a brother of the amiable chieftain dying, bequeathed to his care his only son, Owain, a youth just then in his fifteenth year; he had no estates to leave him, being deprived of them in the Saxon wars, but recommended him to the protection of the virtuous Caradoc, who received him at Llanbedder, and treated him as his own son. Owain was several years their elder, and the children looked upon him as their superior in knowledge, and in every thing, saving their father's love, which they both felt they enjoyed in its fullest proportion.

One day, when their studies were over, Adelfred tempted Helena to take a walk in the garden of the castle, where they were accustomed to spend a leisure hour or two,

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in some childish amusements. The day was rather sultry, and the venerable Caradoc had sought a shady recess there, where, free from observation, he might enjoy a tranquil moment in reflection, and out of the heat of the sun. He had not lain long in an obscure corner of the garden, when the following conversation caught his ear. He listened with attention, that he might catch the sounds more perfect. It began with Adelfred.

"Look, sister Helena," he cried, "this violet will look most beautiful in the nosegay; and the smell is so sweet, you will be charmed with it."

"Is it for me, Adelfred?" asked the little maid.

"Most assuredly," returned he; "to place in your bosom."

"But will they not very soon fade?"

"Not if you breathe upon them, pretty Helena; your breath will revive them, when they droop."

"But is it not a pity, brother," rejoined

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she, "to rob ourselves of the pleasure of beholding those flowers daily, for the gratification of possessing them?"

"Then I have offended you," added Adelfred mournfully, dropping the nosegay from his hand, and running towards her.

At this moment, Owain approached them; he was thoughtful and gloomy. In short, he disliked the love which Adelfred and Helena felt for each other. He viewed them as objects thwarting the ambitious hope he entertained of being one day the undisputed Lord of Llanbedder, and a deadly hatred of them rankled in his bosom, which he dared not avow.

"No, indeed, indeed, brother, I am not offended," replied Helena, not noticing the approach of Owain, "but rather pleased with you." Adelfred kissed her; and Owain broke in upon their discourse.

"You are mistaken, Helena," he cried, with a malicious smile, seating himself beside her. "My cousin Adelfred is not

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your brother; you are not the daughter of Caradoc, but an orphan protected by his bounty. No one knows who or what you are."

"I have been told as much," rejoined she, her eyes half filled with tears; "but he has taught me to call him father, and Adelfred brother, and my own heart prompts me to it."

"Then he has taught you presumption; and it is requisite the seed should expire, ere it bear you beyond yourself. You are the orphan of a common soldier, who died in the field of battle."

"But that soldier was a man," cried Adelfred, his eyes sparkling with fire; "for my father has often told me, that virtue makes the man, and not rank or quality."

"He died fighting, but honour was never attached to his name; he was one of those who, dying, is not missed, or ever heard of more," added Owain, with a sarcastic grin.

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"He died for his king and country," returned Adelfred, nettled; "he died in honour—the death of a brave man is ever to be lamented—and he is a despicable wretch, who will not shed a tear for the brave warrior who fell in the discharge of his duty."

"Cousin, you espouse the cause of the orphan too warmly. Recollect——"

Helena burst into tears.

"Sir," cried Caradoc, much angered, and bursting from his concealment, "the cause of the distressed orphan cannot be espoused with too much warmth. Humanity should teach us to feel for their sufferings, and not to aggravate them.—Recollect yourself, Sir; what are you, but a dependant on my bounty? You have forced me to remind you, that you are equally a dependant; and, for the future, take care I do not withdraw my countenance from you."

Owain fell upon his knees; and Helena, drying her eyes, flew to obtain for him a

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pardon, that was long ere pronounced. The good old chieftain pressed the angelic maid to his bosom, and added, "In future, take example by this peerless girl, so very far above you. Model your heart from her's, and then will you be as dear to me." Owain promised, and the offence was forgotten.

Envy, and the bitterest hatred, from this moment, occupied his breast. Ambition began her spreading circle in his bosom, that now only brooded mischief, subtlety, and cunning. He concealed, with a good face, his views and sentiments from the chieftain; and by fallacious smiles, regained the favour of his unsuspecting friends.

Adelfred now attained his eighteenth year, and a mutual passion glowed in the bosom of him and Helena. With transport Caradoc witnessed their love, and firmly resolved upon their union.

At this time, Richard Cœur de Lion ascended the throne of England, and invited the Welsh barons to join with him

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in the crusade. The vassals of Llanbedder, fired with a religious enthusiasm, eagerly embraced the cause, and their proferred services were accepted by the gallant Richard. Years had turned to grey the locks of Caradoc; feeble were his limbs: the sword he once had wielded with gigantic strength, was now too heavy for his grasp, and he was compelled to decline the command of his brave clan. Adelfred was elected their chief, and the young hero prepared for the expedition to Palestine, under the command of the English king.

The day was appointed for their departure, which arriving, brought with it the tears and groans of the wretched mother, and the despairing wife. The morning dawned, and the brave troops were assembled in the valley; their banners floated in the gale; and the rising sun shone resplendent upon their polished helms. Mingled in the ranks were women and children, taking their last farewell. Here the lover gave a token to his mis-

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tress—there the half-distracted wife and mother presented her infant to its father's embrace.

Adelfred, armed cap-a-pee, now approached them from the castle: Caradoc, with eyes streaming with tears, grasped his right hand; and Helena, little less distracted, pressed with her snowy fingers his left. Owain followed, apparently much affected, with his handkerchief to his eyes. The clan hailed their leader with a loud huzza, on his arrival, and the hills re-echoed with their testimonies of joy.

At length, the signal was given for departure: Adelfred bade adieu to Owain; and Caradoc, calling down Heaven's blessings upon his son, pressed him to his heart, and flew away from the interesting scene, lest his affection should get the better of his manhood.

But now, the last sad duty was to be performed: Helena still rested upon his bosom. "Oh, Adelfred," she cried, in despair, "my foreboding heart informs me that we part for ever."

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"Be calm, my gentle Helena," he returned. "Let not such idle fancies make our parting bitter: repose your confidence in the wisdom of the Lord, whose merciful arm is stretched out to save the meanest of his creatures, if worthy. Come, come, compose your troubled thoughts."

The troops, who marched immediately on the signal given, now turned the brow of the hill, and were almost instantly out of sight. Helena seeing this, screamed in all the wildness of delirium. Adelfred, agonized, pressed her to his distracted bosom, and knowing not what he did, whispered an adieu in her ear.

"Stay," she cried; and throwing a scarf around his neck, "Remember Helena," she added; and sunk back in the arms of Owain.

Adelfred now, equally affected, mounted his steed, and flew away; the maid, with a groan quivering on her lips, followed him with her eyes. At length, he reached the hill that was about to withhold him

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from her sight—he stays his steed—she sees him wave his hand—she waves her's in return—he's lost to her eyes, and overcome with the insupportable anguish of her heart, she falls lifeless upon the plain. Owain bore her back to the castle, and had her conveyed to her apartment.

The venerable Ruthwold commenced his narrative at this period, and related what follows, to the attentive Adelfred, while his hospitable dame replenished the pitcher with cwrrw, and filled the horn upon the oaken board.

"Alas! my Lord, that day will never be effaced from my memory, that saw you depart from Llanbedder: all hearts grieved: and the widow and the orphan's prayer were for your safety. For several weeks, the noble Caradoc would admit no stranger to his presence, but he who brought tidings of the brave Adelfred. Helena confined herself to her apartment, to conceal those tears she fain must shed, and the first six months passed away in grief and mourn-

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ing. The only news in that interim that arrived was, that the armament had sailed for Palestine, with floating banners, bearing the insignia of the Christian cross; that they were joined in their route by the French monarch, and the chief of the nobility of several nations, who brought their followers to aid the cause.

"The enterprize now seemed certain of being crowned with the most brilliant success; the troops were animated with the most lively hopes, and despised every danger that presented itself in a country, whose climate differed so materially from that which they inhaled at their birth; teeming with fevers and illnesses so fatal to Europeans.

"This grateful news was welcomely received by the Lord Caradoc, which alleviated his fears, and gave some comfort to the bosom of Helena. Owain daily ingratiated himself in the favour of them both. He endeavoured to console them for the loss, which he declared he himself

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sustained, and twelve months passed without any thing material happening at the castle. But the good Baron's health was seen to decline daily.

"My good dame once having some business at Llanbedder, called, and, to her great surprise, found all noise and confusion. Alarmed, she made several inquiries, and from one of the servants learned that Owain had declared a partiality for Helena, to the Baron, who spurned the offer with indignity; alledging, to the knowledge of Owain, the maid was betrothed to his son. The villain did not end here, but, with threats and entreaties, urged Helena herself, who treated them with the like disdain.

"Owain bit his nether lip in anger; and darting from the room, in half whisper exclaimed, 'This pride, I doubt, will soon be humbled.'

"Helena, alarmed, flew to the Baron, to whom she unfolded the dark insinuation that had been thrown out by the subtle villain, who, at this moment, entered the apart-

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ment, holding in his hand a paper much rumpled: his eyes were brim full of tears—his agitation excessive. He threw himself upon a sopha, at the end of the room—his bosom heaved with repeated sobs—and the paper dropped from his feeble grasp. The Baron was half distracted; he dared not question, but many fears occupied his bosom; and, snatching up the letter from the ground, he read its contents. Sadly his countenance changed as he perused it; then, turning his tearful eyes to the pale cheek of Helena, he cried, 'Alas! my fears are too true. My son, my Adelfred, is slain!'

"Like an arrow, the dreadful tidings pierced her brain: she burst not into tears, but wildly exclaimed, 'The will of God be done!'

"Owain, at these words, affecting composure, arose from the couch. 'He died the death of a hero,' he cried. 'He died fighting for the establishment of the christian cross, and eternal shall be his memory.'

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'He died the death of a hero,' repeated Helena, crossing her hands upon her bosom, and sinking upon the floor.

"My son, my son is dead!' added Caradoc, in despair; and fainted away in the arms of his attendants.

"The death of our dear young Lord was afflicting news: there was not a dry eye, at Llanbedder, for many months—not a heart but dissolved in tears. Sorrow, like a cankering worm, preyed upon the roseate cheek, and every bosom yielded to her powerful sway.

"Caradoc was borne to his couch, from which he never more arose. The news of his son's death struck deep to his heart, and long did his soul struggle in its separation from the body, which, at length, tamely yielded its last breath, and instantly became inanimate."

Ruthwold paused, to wipe the tear from his cheek—Adelfred was almost lifeless—but the old man regaining composure, resumed:

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" My Lord, I shall not hold you long; what I have to add, though pregnant with mystery, will occupy but a little portion of your time. After the death of the noble chieftain, your father, Owain, as next of kin, succeeded to his wealth and honours: the vassals of Llanbedder swore to maintain his lawful rights with their lives, and be subservient on every occasion.

" The time of mourning for the late Lord being expired, the castle gates were thrown open, to admit the welcome stranger: festivity began her reign; and amidst the loud tumult of joy, which each day witnessed, Helena alone was sad. Owain, haughty, proud, and severe, soon gained the dislike of his people, whom he now began to tyrannize over without fear.—Groans and murmurs were whispered beneath his castle walls; factions upon factions opposed his power; and rebellion, with blood-stained front, stared him in the face. And now, the news was circulated abroad, that he was about to lead the

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beauteous Helena to the bridal altar. The report was founded upon truth; the day was appointed for the consummation of their nuptials, and the bride and bridegroom appeared before the holy father, that the ceremony might be ratified. There was no animation in the countenance of the devoted maid—no lustre beamed from her once sparkling eye—and when she stood before the priest, her tottering limbs could scarce support her. The rites were now more than half performed—the nuptial kiss about to be exchanged, when she burst from the embrace of Owain, and exclaimed, 'Monster, take my life; I never will repose in a murderer's arms!'

Adelfred groaned.

Ruthwold continued: "This unexpected reply threw all into confusion. Owain, boiling with rage, retired; and the rites were unperformed. The next day, it was reported that Helena lay dangerously ill; no one was permitted to go nigh her, excepting the physicians who were employed

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by Owain. My good dame went to the castle, but was roughly denied admittance; and the day following, her death was published; and the black flag was hoisted on the tower.

"This was so sudden, so abrupt, that all wondered, and few credited the report; but her burial succeeded, to affirm the truth of what was circulated; and, with a breaking heart, I went to see her cold remains deposited in the chapel of Llanbedder. Her coffin was bathed with the tears of those supported by her bounty. I owed to her my life—my every thing; it was her charitable hand that raised me from despair and ruin. Oh, God! what a load of anguish was upon my heart, and still, it cracked not, standing the severest trial of affliction. From this time, Owain became gloomy and morose: no longer was the pilgrim entertained at his gate—no longer was the guest received with welcome at Llanbedder—sad, sad was the change!—fled was sportive pleasure—the

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song—the moments of mirth, which the pained heart could no longer enjoy—alas! Llanbedder never before knew of such a change as a few days had made in her once hospitable walls.

"Time now glided heavily along: Owain received no company—visions troubled his soul, and for ever wounded his peace of mind. Some said that Helena still lived—others said he had poisoned the Baron, whose spectre haunted him. But to these tales I gave no credit, though it struck me all was not right."

Adelfred was all impatience. "I pray you, proceed, good Ruthwold," he cried, tortured by suspense. "What have you heard with regard to myself?"

"That the report of your death was false," exclaimed the old man, his eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I heard that you still lived—that you had been taken a prisoner in a battle with the infidels—that you had made your escape, after six years captivity, and were on the seas, bound

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for your native country. Oh! this was welcome news to my aged heart. But I sadly feared the truth, until my eyes convinced me how much I was mistaken in putting no confidence in what I heard."

Adelfred's arms were extended to receive the honest Ruthwold, who rushed into his embrace. "To-morrow," cried the young warrior, "I will claim my paternal inheritance; and——"

"Not so hasty, my good Lord," interrupted the cotter. "Claim not your inheritance, until your vassals own you for their true Lord; and, ready to support your cause, arm in your defence; for Owain will, doubtless, dispute your person, and seize upon you as an impostor. Be wary, and baffle the machinations of your designing cousin; he has laid down a plan, sure to succeed, unless equalled by you in cunning: for, hearing that you lived, and fearing the truth, he has bribed, by his arts, two villains lately returned from Palestine, to swear, they themselves saw you

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fall in the action, and did the honours of your funeral."

"Perfidious monster!" exclaimed Adelfred, rising from the couch. "But you shall soon feel my vengeance."

The supper was now spread upon the board—the pitcher of cwrrw was proffered unsparingly to the guests, whose platters were heaped by the overjoyed hostess, with a cold kid pie, and homely brown bread.

Adelfred, at an early hour, with lacerated heart, retired to a couch; and Ali Sheing was, by the fearful provider of the feast, conducted to the chamber adjoining the room where Adelfred slept. "Oh, holy prophet Alla," cried the infidel, sinking upon the pallet, "I commend me to thy mercy." Sleep closed his eyes; but restless was the couch of the rightful Lord of Llanbedder. Vainly he courted the soporific god to his weary eyelids; but troubled thoughts, that, after each other, rapidly occupied his brain, chid it thence, on its approach; and in the

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morning he arose, flagged and unrefreshed. Ruthwold met him, as he descended from his humble apartment, and embraced him.

Adelfred now determined to go in disguise to Llanbedder, attended by the infidel, as a pilgrim from the holy land, who could give some information respecting the fate of the unhappy son of Caradoc; by this means, he would learn the disposition of his cousin, and know how to proceed in procuring his estates.

Ruthwold readily assented to the scheme, which was immediately put in execution. A silvery-haired beard was fastened to the chin of Adelfred—his grey vest was torn, and girded round his waist—and in his hands he held the tuneful harp—a broken sword was suspended at his side—a battered helmet, bearing no crest, was fixed upon his head—and in his right hand he held a headless spear, which served him for a staff. Thus accoutred, accompanied by Ali Sheing, after taking leave of the honest cottager and his wife, he proceeded

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to Llanbedder. High upon a mount stood the noble building, whose dark towers had withstood the ravages of time—the clinging ivy crept around its casements, where the web-winged bat built her clayey nest, and dug her talons in the crumbling walls—the screech-owl brooded on the tower's summit, in a cavity where a stone had dropped, forced from its seat by the rumbling storm, that had often shaken the stately edifice to its foundation—rust had eat away the polish of the iron gates of the castle, that creeked upon their hinges to admit the stranger, who seldom knocked at the portal since the days of Caradoc the Brave—the scene around was wild, and, here and there, was seen scattered a hamlet, whose rustic owners were too infirm to move to the spot where the more youthful had retired, or were the creatures of Owain; for no one, who could avoid it, would draw a breath beneath the towers of their chief, who ruled them with a rod of iron.

Adelfred, with a sigh, passed on; and ap-

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proaching the heavy northern gate, struck a few trembling wild notes upon the harp, which he accompanied with his voice. After some time, Owain appeared at a casement above, and the eyes of the cousins involuntarily met each other. Alas! how changed was the countenance of the reigning Lord of Llanbedder, to what it was in the recollection of the rightful heir! Sallow was his sunken cheek, that once had boasted the fresh colour of the rose—his dark eye was overhung by a thick, scowling brow—and the whole of his person was emaciated. Adelfred gazed upon him in surprise and pity, until the other, conscious that on him the pilgrim's searching eye was fixed, with a frown, drew together the casement, and disappeared.

The youth, venerable in appearance, again struck upon the harp, and sung of battles fought, and of victories over the infidels obtained. He had not resumed long, when a servant of the castle unbarred the gate, and beckoned him to ap-

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proach. Adelfred slung the harp upon his shoulder, and obeyed; Ali Sheing followed. The servant conducted him through a long marble hall, to a stone apartment, where the various domestics were assembled over a large fire. The guests were invited to a seat upon a long oaken bench, on which the servants crowded, and bread and cheese and cwrrw, was to reward them for an air or two upon the harp. All wondered at the dark complexion of Ali, who attracted the eyes of the whole group. Adelfred played, and often varied the strain, which sometimes enlivened, and as often depressed, their spirits, by the feeling with which the solemn air was executed. At length, he ceased; and the song gave way to entertaining chat.

"I have fought by the side of the gallant Richard," cried Adelfred, introducing the subject: "full many a time have seen the plains, near Lebanon, stained with the gore of infidels—have seen the Moorish crescent fall, and the Christian cross

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proudly waving o'er the blood-stained ground."

"Heard you," asked a domestic, "in the wars, of Adelfred of Llanbedder?"

"I fought under him," returned he.

"You, doubtless, can inform us of the certainty of his death," added Iserlt, the favourite attendant of Owain—the agent of his villanies—and whose dark lowering brow betrayed the depravity of his heart.

"I was by his side, when he fell," answered Adelfred, emphatically.

"Indeed!" was returned for answer; and Iserlt rose from his seat.

Adelfred, without seeming to observe this action, continued:—

"Fatal was that day to many a valiant Briton: much noble blood was spilt upon the plains of Salem, where the Christians gave way to the powerful advances of the Moorish crescent; there it was that Adelfred fell, in the struggle with a young banneret, for a trophy he had just earned from an expiring soldier: dreadful was the conflict,

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which would have decided in favour of the son of Caradoc, but that an arrow, fiercely whizzing from a Pahnim's bow, pierced his stout breast, even in the moment when his conquering arm had purchased him the victory."

Iserlt, overjoyed, flew to unfold the pilgrim's tidings to the ear of Owain.

"He is an impostor," cried the half-convinced chief, hope and fear visible upon his cheek.

"He is no impostor," returned Iserlt, angered.

"Have I not letters, certifying that he lives, and is now on his return to Britain?" said Owain.

"Most true; and true it may be, that he lives; but, if you wish to disprove the tale, a noble opportunity offers itself to check the belief that runs among your vassals, of his existence; and, declaring him, who will offer himself as the son of Caradoc, to be a subtle villain, who, by imposture, would deprive you of your law-

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ful inheritance, and usurp authority over the vassals of Llanbedder."

"Iserlt, do I understand you aright?" eagerly enquired he.

"Call up this grey-bearded bard," returned the other, "and summon your domestics; then, in their presence, let him affirm the death of Adelfred—be you affected when he narrates the tale—and, with well-feigned tears, deplore the loss of a cousin, whom, beyond your existence, you must avow you prized."

Owain eagerly embraced the design, and ths strangers were ushered to his presence: throngs of domestics, by the order of Owain, filled the apartment, and several questions were put to the pretended pilgrim, who answered them with boldness. Owain was apparently much affected.

"On the plains of Salem," cried the pilgrim, "both armies met; the Christian, composed of the flower of many countries, but in number far inferior to their adversaries. The signal was given,

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and the bloody strife commenced. King Richard, with a chosen band, flew to the Soldan's camp, who was surrounded by the wise men and officers of his court. The rage of the lion was depicted in his countenance—like a madman, he fought in the throat of war—shields and lances, with his single arm, he battered down—and the force of overwhelming thousands could alone drive him back. And now the clamour of war arose from different parts of the field."....

"But what of Adelfred?"

"Oh, in the thickest of the fight he stood, with stout arm, throwing aside the arrows aimed at his bosom: many infidels gasped at his feet; but King Richard gave back—his intrepid soldiers fell breathless by his side; and still the monarch fought, enacting wonders with his single arm, cutting his path through the enemy, until he was severed from his troops, and surrounded by a heathen multitude, with each a sabre levelled at his breast. At—"

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"Well;—and Adelfred!" hastily interrupted Owain.

"Saw the danger of his monarch, while engaged in another part of the field—like lightning, followed by a bold troop, he flew to his rescue, and saved the life of England's King, the renowned Richard."

"Heroic cousin! This deed shall immortalize thee. I will raise a monument to thy fame; and this act shall be recorded of thee in every future age."

"The King had but time to thank his deliverer, whom he pressed to his bosom, and flew to another part of the field, where the bloody crescent was seen waving above the cross."

"But what of Adelfred?—Say, of Adelfred?—What of my gallant cousin?"

"Oh, he was still where most of the battle raged. Two wounds he had already received upon his breast; but he felt no wound, saving that given by the discomfiture of the side he fought for. I saw his helmet clove in twain—the sword dropped

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from his grasp—and, stunned with the blow, he fell——"

"O———h!" exclaimed Owain, clasping his hands together, in well feigned agony.

"—— But up again he arose, swift as an arrow, and renewed the fight. In the mean time, the King——"

"Tell me not of the King, but of Adelfred. You torture me, by keeping me in this suspense. Say, how fought Adelfred? He is the only one who can claim an interest in my breast—the warlike Adelfred!—the partner of my youthful pleasures!".

The pilgrim paused in astonishment.

"Why do you not proceed?" cried Owain. "Oh! tell me all! But say not that he died."

"The King, in the mean time, had collected together his flying people, and once more made a stand. A shower of arrows from Christians bows, now in their flight, obscured the sun; and in their turn,

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the Heathens gave ground. Adelfred saw the advantage obtained, and inspiring with his voice a brave troop to follow him, he sought out the Soldan of Persia and his retinue, whom the King had before attacked. The conflict was now bloody, warm, and obstinate; upon the life of the Soldan depended the triumph of the day, and many gallant arms defended him. But the brave troop made good their way, and Adelfred engaged with Persia's monarch, sword to sword; bloody and wounded as he was, still, in defiance of death, he fought. Showers of arrows whizzed, as they flew over the heads of the two combatants."

"Well, and——"

"Aldelfred in twain severed the heart of the proud Soldan of Persia; he fell, without a groan, and died."

"But, Adelfred," cried Owain, with a voice expressive of much impatience and hope, "he lived."

"Alas! deep were the wounds in his bosom, from which his heart's blood flowed

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copiously. He was feeble; the breath of life fast wasted from his lips; and, as he lay thus in the agony of death, a well aimed arrow eased his labouring heart, and robbed him of the few moments he might have pined away in misery——"

"God! God!" exclaimed Owain, "this is too much!" and fainted away upon a couch.

The pilgrim flew towards him, and pressed his hand upon his heart. It did not seem to beat—his cheek was wan and pale—and the starting tear stood at the corners of his closed eyes.

The pilgrim, with a sudden frenzy, exclaimed, "Oh! Ruthwold, thou hast deceived me!" and throwing off the torn vest, and tearing from his chin the deceitful beard, added, with a voice of triumph and pleasure, "Owain, awake!—Thy cousin lives!—Behold, in me, Adelfred, eager to press you to his heart!"

The domestics instantly recognized their young Lord; and loud shouts of joy rent

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the apartment. Instantly an universal clamour prevailed; and, in a short time, the news of the return of Adelfred was spread over the whole domain. In the confusion, the sudden surprise and chagrin of Owain went unobserved; he was compelled to return cordially the embrace of his cousin; he dared not deny him, for he was universally acknowledged in a short time, by the whole of the tenantry. Adelfred was invested with the power his father had enjoyed—the peasants joyfully took the oath of vassallage, and once more were the castle gates thrown open, for the reception of the weary pilgrim, or the passing stranger. Ali Sheing was regarded by all, as the friend and favourite of their chief. But, in the midst of the gaiety of the castle, when all was revelry and confusion, a melancholy would overshade his brow, and he would wander by himself, disconsolate and forlorn. Mirth had not the power to cheer him.

In the mean time, Owain, whose bosom

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was the seat of tumultuous passions, where hatred and the most determined malice reigned, was planning schemes how to destroy his cousin, without being thought guilty of his death. To stab him privately—to poison him—to employ an armed band to assassinate him—these were expedients his troubled brain resorted to, and as instantly abolished; knowing that, however cautiously executed, suspicion would fall upon him.

Iserlt, his faithful adviser, studied deeply, and suggested many plans; but the following operated most powerfully upon the mind of Owain, and they thus determined: that Owain should retire to a neighbouring convent, avowing it his intention to dedicate the remainder of his life to penitence and prayer, while Iserlt should remain at the castle, strongly recommended to Adelfred, for the purpose of playing upon the passions of the friendly Moor, and rouzing him to revenge, having previously learned, that he had been much injured by

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the Lord of Llanbedder, during his captivity; thus making the virtuous, unsuspecting Ali, the footstool of their ambition. The next day, Owain, with much seeming piety, made his intentions known to Adelfred, who, in the most affectionate manner, urged him to renounce them.

"Every thing which is mine, is equally your's," he cried. "Remain with me, and I will share with you every thing I possess."

"Noble Adelfred," returned the designing hypocrite, "I am not formed for the world; my heart is but little attuned to mirth; and loathsome to me are pleasures which I cannot enjoy. No; in a convent's dreary walls, I shall find repose—solemnity is congenial with my soul—the gloomy cloister in concord with my brain. Fare you well; and sometimes think on Owain—you will be ever in his prayers."

Adelfred was somewhat affected: but Owain had resolved upon the prosecution of his plan; and, in a few days, he took

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up his residence at a religious house, a few miles from Llanbedder.

Adelfred had now no friend in whose bosom he could confide his secret thoughts, but Ali Sheing. He often heaved a sigh to the memory of Helena, and a tear would follow: "Oh, Helena," he exclaimed, "I thought thee so closely wound around my heart, that, in the separation, it needs must break. But, no; this flinty bosom sustains thy loss, permitting me to think on thee to madness—to dwell on thy name—to remember our former loves, sanctioned by a father, whom we both acknowledged."

Still was Ali Sheing devoured by melancholy. Still would he wander disconsolate, amid the castle's ruined courts. No one heeded his sorrows; but every one, on account of his complexion, fled from him. He was a fit object for Iserlt to work upon; as the most brooding mind is the easiest to arouze to an act of violence. He felt himself deserted, and was

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disgusted with all but Adelfred, whose friendship for him was unbounded, and who, every opportunity, sought his company, and poured the kindest consolation in his ear. But Iserlt was now studious of attracting his notice, and constantly threw himself in his path; but Ali was little disposed for conversation, and a slight inclination of the head was, for some time, the only advance that could be obtained.

Iserlt, ever on the watch for an opportunity, observed him, one day, enter a small arbour, at the bottom of the castle garden, but little frequented, shady and retired. Thither he followed him; and heard him distinctly utter the words, "Oh, Zulema!" Tears followed the exclamation, accompanied by a sigh, proceeding from the bottom of an agonized heart. He threw himself upon a seat, and reclined his head against the branch of a spreading elder, rich in luxuriant clusters of its wholesome produce.

Iserlt advanced, with a timid step—the

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eye of Ali caught his—and he was about to retire.

"Pardon me," he cried; "I would not willingly obtrude upon your privacy; I feel too much for man's sorrows, not to respect them. I pray you, excuse my presence—the mere effect of chance—which conducted me here. Farewell."

"Nay, stay," replied Ali, rising, "you have sought this retired seat, and I drive you from it—I will leave you."

"Not for worlds.—Oh, no, thou noble-minded man; let me begone. Your sorrows have obtained an interest in my heart. I do not seek to be your confidant—yet I feel severely for your stay here. Indulge your griefs in solitude—I will not again interrupt you."

Ali was sensibly affected. "Generous man!" he exclaimed, and drew him to a seat beside him. His eyes were filled with tears—his bosom heaved with repeated sobs—and he sunk upon the bosom of the designing Iserlt, repeating, "Oh, Zulema."

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"Why do you so often breathe that interesting name?" cried Iserlt, in an affectionate tone. Then checking himself, "but pardon me; the interest I take in your griefs will, I fear, hurry me beyond discretion. Come, come, now, do not despond, but let the smile animate that cheek. Think not, a Christian cannot feel: I do, with all my heart; and will press you as close there, as though we adored one and the same God."

"Oh! thou immortal Alla," exclaimed Ali Sheing, suddenly arising from the bosom of Iserlt, and prostrating himself on the ground; "adored by me, thy devoted slave, teach mine ignorance, if I do err, in confiding in the misguided worshipper of another God. It is the creed of his fathers he observes, and he sins not by being of the Christian faith, being born in error. Thou great Omnipotent, I do know the good heart is welcomed by thee, however misguided in its worship of thee, immortal prophet!"

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These words were uttered in the most solemn tone: thrice he kissed the earth, with profound reverence; and rising, resumed his seat by the side of Iserlt.

"Christian," he cried, "I would with freedom pour into thy bosom all the wrongs I have sustained; nay, lay before thee all my heart, but that the soul of Ali raises him above such mean avowal—such purchased pity for his sufferings."

"Nay, Ali, think not that Iserlt will with tears condole with you, and bid you make your mind to sorrow: no; if you are injured, he will bid you seek revenge, and fan it to a flame in your bosom. Nay, by my life, were my own brother the author of your wrongs, I have that within me, which, casting off all ties of consanguinity, would urge you to spare him not, but take an ample and firm revenge."

"Christian, thou dost warm my very heart. Our prophet, Alla, doth inspire us with an ardour for revenge, and gives his followers souls of fire to accomplish it.

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Thou canst not judge of men, born beneath a torrid zone, whose hearts are warmed by its genial influence—whose passions are like burning fevers in their veins—fervid in their love, as destructive in their hate. Thou canst not judge of men, so far superior to the pallid white—of men, whose generous nature can only be equalled by the fire that animates them—whose souls are alike susceptible of love and hatred."

"Noble Ali, I can judge by thee; and grieve, to see a spirit, great as thine, doomed to be broken by an abject slavery."

"Slavery! Ah!"

"But, come, no more of this; tell me of Zulema. By Heavens, your imagined wrongs bear me beyond myself."

"Imagined wrongs?"

"To me, imagined; since I know them only by the effect they have upon your dauntless spirit."

"Oh! Iserit."

"Away with this, Ali Sheing; you do forget yourself."

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"By the immortal Alla, I do. Oh! Zulema, the sighs and groans which thou hast cost me!" Then, after a pause, "I am the only son of the warlike Zuntma, the father of his people; who, when the robber Christians sought our shores, and with fire and sword endeavoured to make us, the true worshippers of Alla, renounce our faith, for one abhorred, collected together his thousands, the warlike champions of religion, and encamped them on the banks of the swift rolling Doora, a rapid tide, near to the plains of Bedamoora, where the Soldan dwelt. I followed my father to the war, and was elected to the command of a brave and warlike band, whose religion and patriotism were so closely wound around their hearts, that vain was the attempt of the Christian sword to sever them. The Soldan himself reviewed the discipline of his troops, and we stood prepared, a firm and loyal band, to protect our country, our religion, and our monarch, from the destructive arms of the

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ruthless robbers, who invaded our shores. It was now I first beheld the lovely Zulema, and, beholding, became her adorer. One sultry day, when the moist winds blew, and the sands of the desert were whirled round in eddies, so fatal to the Arab bands, who perish in their march, and men and laden camels are overwhelmed with the burning grains, in whirlwinds tossed, and o'er the trackless desert billowing, when the sun raises the flesh in blisters, I strayed from the camp, and, lost in contemplation, followed a beaten track, unconscious whither it would lead me. The air was thick and heavy, on which the nettling insects rode, that dart their poisonous stings into your flesh—the blood swelled in my bursting veins—my eyes were sunk with the inclement heat—and my tongue was parched with drought: born to the clime, and to sustain its warmth, still this day overpowered me—heat such as this, I never before experienced. I had not strayed far, when, beneath a mountain,

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whose barren sides were parched—and near a brook, whose tardy waters, so gently gliding along, were nearly wasted, I observed a neat hut, that reared its humble head in solitude, and thither did I speed my step, to waste away an hour in refreshing ease. Within a few paces of the door, I stopped; for, reclined upon a mossy pillow, by the stream, lay a beauty, rich in loveliness, sumptuously attired, and attended by two female slaves, who were employed in fanning from her swelling bosom the stinging insects that fretted her slumbers. For a while, I stood over her, and the most pleasing sensation thrilled through my whole soul: her teeth were like so many drops of European snow, regularly even—her breath, more sweet than the perfumes of Arabia—her lips would vie, for luxuriance, with the richest coral—her timid breath, in passing and repassing, swelled her speckless bosom, on which I could have fallen, transported as I was, and, with a dying mur-

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mur; sighed out my heart. She awoke: Heavens! how intelligent were her eyes!—What volumes to the soul they spoke!

"Oh! Iserlt, on me were their mild lustre shed—on me they paused. I approached her with a respectful bow; she arose from the turf, and returned me the salutation. Alla! Alla! immortal Alla! What a form!—What a dignity of shape! How graceful!—how elegant! Ecstacy, for a time, deprived me of the power of speech: both were embarrassed. At length, with a modest courtesy, leaning upon the arms of her slaves, she withdrew. I dared not scarcely breathe—words were upon my tongue, but my heart throbbed—sighs burst from my lips, and I could only follow her with my eyes. I saw her enter the cottage, that stood but a few paces from the margin of the stream. As the door was about to close, she looked back—her eyes met mine—I bowed—she was gone—and I threw myself upon the spot that her limbs had pressed. Long

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time I lay, and could only think of her. Still in imagination she stood before me—still did my eyes feast upon her beauties—the more I thought, the more I grew enamoured.

"The shade of evening now approached, bringing with it those enlivening airs that make Asia tolerable. Once more the tanned bough waved—the waters rippled—and the feathery choristers, refreshed by the gale, began their evening chant. My eyes were constantly fixed upon the cottage, which held my heart. Joy, joy to my soul! the door opened—she appeared, the lovely daughter of the sun appeared—the angel-form I worshipped—the goddess of my dreams appeared, between the same slaves who before attended her. I arose from the ground; my tottering limbs could scarce support me—I was faint with hunger and fatigue, and still more so with the love I cherished in my bosom, which nurtured the flame that now glowed in all my veins, and stole the native freshness of my

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cheek. As she approached, her light garments winnowed in the air, and displayed all the luxury, all the sweetness of her shape; the thin muslin was wafted from her voluptuous breasts, between which hung, flowing down her neck, a string of pearls—her heaving bosom was bared—and, on observing my eyes fixed upon her, with a blush, she drew together the wanton robe, and concealed them from my ardent gaze.

"Overcome by my emotion, I hastened to throw myself at her feet, and kicked something before me; it jingled, and I stopped. It was a bracelet, which I eagerly seized; and, knowing the owner, as eagerly pressed to my lips. I was now undetermined how to act; whether to wear it as an eternal remembrance, or to present it to her. At length, I formed the pleasing resolution of making it the instrument of my introduction, and I flew to place it in her hand. My voice failed me. When I approached her, I fell upon

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my knees. She received the bracelet, and with a winning smile, raised me from the ground. Alla! Alla! her touch thrilled through my veins.

"I pressed her fingers to my lips: 'Pardon me, Lady,' I cried, 'pardon my presumption. Inspired by your beauty, cold must be that heart that will not adore you—senseless the bosom that is not fired on beholding you. Oh! let me throw myself at your feet, and vow to eternally love you. Nay, Lady, do not frown upon me—pity, if you cannot cherish, the flame which devours unceasingly this faithful breast.'

"Her hand I clasped between my own; a smile was upon her cheek. Again I pressed it to my eager lips. She was about to speak—benignity beamed through her radiant eyes; but, at this moment, a voice from the cottage cried, 'Zulema!'

"Hastily withdrawing her hand, 'Stranger, adieu!' she sighed, 'I am called.'

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'Zulema!' the voice repeated. She struggled to depart.

'Enjoy my favour,' she cried; 'we may meet, perchance, again.'

'Alla shower his choicest blessings on thee, for the thought,' I exclaimed, 'adored daughter of the faithful!'

"I arose from the ground—a new ecstacy animated my heart—and, with the sweet emotion, I dared to join my lips with her's.

'Zulema!' was again the cry.

'Adieu!' she uttered.

'Oh! Zulema,' I faintly articulated, and sunk upon the ground.

"Again, were my eyes fastened upon the cottage door. The twilight still continued. Hunger oppressed me; but it was worse than death to depart the spot, that might again present to my ardent gaze the lovely Zulema. I waited in the most dreadful suspense. Each moment seemed an age, that passed in her absence. At length, a small lattice, above the door,

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opened, and Zulema, brighter than the sun, appeared. I flew towards the cottage—she waved her hand—the lattice closed, and left me, tortured by cruel disappointment.

"It grew late; I had been many hours from the camp, and I knew my return must have been looked for. With heavy heart, and Zulema upon my tongue, I began to retrace my steps, often looking back upon the hut that possessed the only gem which on earth I prized.

"I had proceeded to some distance. The path I was to pursue now branched into another direction, and the cottage was about to be concealed from me by the intervention of a rude rock, whose craggy head, soaring high above, threatened on the valley. I paused a moment, to take a farewell look, ere I proceeded, and observed some one in haste, approaching towards me. Her finger was often raised above her head, beckoning to me; and one of the slaves of Zulema, invited me to return.

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"Enraptured, I hurried her along, burning with love. I soon reached the cottage—the door was open to receive me—Zulema awaited me: and, in a moment, I held her in my arms. Immortal Alla! thou great adorable, who to the faithful art beneficent, then thou didst witness the raptures that crowned our meeting: thou in thy ethereal seat didst hear the lips of the divine Zulema confess she loved me—thou didst hear our pure vows—didst know our hearts. The bounteous maid invited me to a collation her own hands had provided, of which I eat: rich wines were presented to me in a cup from which she had sipped, and in the sweet libation which I took, I drank down heart-consuming draughts of enthralling love.

"Oh! Ali Sheing,' sighed the fond Zulema, 'will you ever love me?—Will you ever press me to your bosom with the same affection as now?—Will you give the foolish Zulema your heart?'

"I have it not to give,' I returned,

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transported: 'it was your's the first moment I beheld you. Oh! Zulema,' I added, 'may the immortal Alla reject my prayers, and may I fall dishonoured beneath the christian sword, if ever I love you less than at this moment.'

"Christian, despise not Zulema for the forward avowal of her passion to one unknown to her before this day. I see upon thy cheek the crimson blush—thy turned-up lip—thy eyes disdainful, and contemptuous glance; but learn, ere you judge of the Asiatic world, it widely differs from that of Europe, whose pallid sons are cold, phlegmatic, and, like the air they breathe, dull in their very natures. With them coyness results from the cold habit of their blood; and suspicion, the foul offspring of guilt, checks the forward passion while it dawns; and reason, cold in her very birth, the enemy of love, makes the dull heart her empire; but we, who are by nature warm, who, above dishonour, need no laws to curb our wild desires—we,

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ourselves guiltless, are unable to suspect—we, our hearts so liable to impression, when we feel the soft emotion and the kindling flame expand through all the veins, make a merit of confession, knowing how valuable are the hours of love, and eager for enjoyment.

"A tear gemmed the eye of Zulema—her head hung upon my breast—her arms were thrown around my neck, and numberless sighs struggled in her bosom. 'Tell me, Zulema,' I cried, pressing her to my eager heart, 'tell me, tell me, thou peerless maid, wilt thou be mine?'

"Ali Sheing must deserve me,' she replied.

"What shall I do to gain favour in the eyes of Zulema? Tell me of dangers that I may brave them—By the faith of Alla, I swear——'

"Swear not, Ali,' returned the blushing maid; then raising her interesting eyes to mine, she added in a dignified feeling voice, 'If you love me, Ali, snatch

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me from the arms of ONE great in power, who persecutes, by avowing an odious passion for me. Oh! Ali, my father devotes me to his loathsome embrace.—Vain are my entreaties—he flies from my prayers, and dooms me to endless misery.'

"Zulema!' involuntarily escaped my lips. She continued:

"I am the daughter of Mahommedd Bensadi, the chief of the monarch's councils, his only child, Ali Sheing; and me he devotes the victim of his ambition. I am to be the sacrifice to that baneful passion which engrosses his whole soul, and stifles paternal feeling: I am to be the chief instrument in the establishment of his future glory. Scarce six moons are wasted since our Soldan was advised by his viziers, fakirs, and nobles, of his court at Jaza, to select three of the choicest beauties our country boasted, of distinguished birth, and take them to his arms, subservient to his pleasures. 'Commander of the faithful!' cried Bensadi, 'at whose foot the

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worshippers of Alla bend, listen to the entreaties of thy people, and choose among the fairest of the daughters of thy nobles, three of surpassing beauty, and let her who bears of thy loins a son, be thy favourite Sultana, and be that son thy heir, so shall the wish of thy people be accomplished, and the glory of thy name be transmitted to succeeding generations.' With smiles our Soldan nodded his assent, and the blushing daughters of the nobles were presented to the youthful monarch, who made his choice of three. Oh! Ali Sheing, I am one of the elected—I am devoted to his arms to receive embraces that to me are loathsome: vain, vain, are my tears! Bensadi, my father, is deaf to my prayers and entreaties.'

"This news overpowered me—despair was depicted upon my cheek—my knees tottered beneath me—agony pierced my heart, and convulsed my bosom. Vain was it, to contend with the powerful commander of the faithful—the descendant of

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the prophet Mahommedd: tremblingly I let go her hand, that was clasped between mine, and fell back, almost fainting upon my seat.

"Zulema arose: what a dignity shone in her whole deportment, as she frowned upon me! — Her eye, contemptuously turned upon me, spoke volumes to my soul. I arose from the sopha.

"How have I been deceived?' she cried: 'Ali Sheing, who dares to love, shrinks from the glance of a powerful rival, whom he dares not contend with.'— Then, after a pause: 'Zulema is lost to him for ever!'

"Saying this, she immediately burst from the room.—I followed her—vainly she endeavoured to put me back—I was determined to be heard—I kissed the hem of her garment, which she endeavoured to tear from my burning lips. 'Oh, Zulema!' I cried, 'I will perish, or you shall be my mistress.'

"At this moment, the venerable Bensadi

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entered the apartment: frowning, he seized his daughter's hand, who fainted upon his bosom, and myself was seized by several mutes, who bound and bore me to the camp, where I was left in my tent a prey to anguish. The next morning, my father, Zantma, entered, and pressed me to his bosom: to him I related my foregoing adventure, who almost crushed my hopes by the cruel information that our Soldan loved Zulema, and would spare no cost or pains to win her, by gentle means, to his arms. Like a thunderbolt through the brain, this dreadful relation acted; but I resolved to gain an audience of the Soldan, and lay before him the whole of my heart. For a long time my endeavours were vain: surrounded by his viziers, fakirs, and officers of state, it was long before I could make my petition; but each day I saw Zulema—each day, by some stratagem, she eluded the vigilance of Bensadi, who, acquainted with our mutual passion, was ever on the watch to

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keep us asunder; but each day I pressed the lovely maid with fond rapture to my bosom; which embrace was as eagerly returned by the blushing Zulema; and we mingled together our breath, our sighs, and our foreboding tears.

"At length, I obtained an audience of the Soldan—the long-wished for moment arrived; and he being informed that my business required a private interview, I was ushered to his closet. Gracious Alla! I never feared to address my sovereign till now—my heart died in my bosom—my tongue feared to utter what my soul was desirous of, and I retreated a few paces from the Sultan, who sat in an attentive posture opposite to me.

"Speak Ali,' he cried, after a pause, with a voice expressive of much benignity: 'Why this tremor in the presence of a sovereign, who honours you for your valour, and loves you for the affection you shew to ourself?'

"His tenderness inspired me, and I

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threw myself at his knee; but oh! agony, how dared I address myself to a monarch, youthful, vigorous, and full of blood, who loved the object of my affection?—Would he tear out his own heart that mine might triumph? The thought was madness. After a pause, during which my emotions were most painful, I thus addressed him: 'Oh, gracious Sultan, pardon the presumption of thy slave, who has dared to fix his eyes upon the object of thy love—who has dared to sigh for the enjoyment of her on whom thou lavishest thy affection.'

"At this moment, I fixed my eye upon his cheek, and beheld it pale—I grasped his hand with fervor, while anger knitted his brow. 'Proceed,' he cried, 'and name——'

"Never, never?' I interrupted, 'until you pronounce both our pardons.'

"He smiled, and bit his nether lip, 'I promise,' at length he uttered, with a half bow, and laying his hand upon his heart.

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"A pause ensued—a pause of agony. I almost feared to rely upon the honour of my sovereign, whose word 'twas death to dispute, knowing that jealousy exists, while a rival breathes, and that man is most to be distrusted in cases of ignorance: love, whose influence over the human breast is such, as to turn the richest virtue to the rankest weed. Christian, knowest thou the power of heart-consuming love? Hast thou felt its fire in thy veins?—Hast thou harboured the passion in thy breast? Sayest thou not? Then thou canst not judge the pangs it creates—the fears—the jealousies—the racking thoughts—all the tormenting doubts it brings with it—and all the distracting tumults of the soul.

"Oh! Alla, Alla, what is man who is in love?—How lost!—For a time, how mad—how raving! while he still hugs the fond passion closer to his bosom: rioting in despair and hope; and yet, who would be he that cannot love, since he must be made of cold blood—of a savage disposi-

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tion—of ferocity of manners, and turn of mind to anarchy and blood?

" At length, summoning more confidence, and looking the Soldan sternly in the face, I exclaimed, 'Zulema has exchanged the vow with me: Zulema, the daughter of Bensadi.'

" He started back on hearing her name. —'Zulema!' his lips quivered.

" Mercy! mercy!' I cried; 'look around thy mighty empire, and see beauties lovely as Zulema.'

" Thinkst thou so?' he eagerly interrupted.

" I was staggered with the question; and after another pause, continued, 'Many there are that excel, though not in my eyes.'

" And why should they in mine?' again interrupted the angry monarch. 'Thinkst thou thy Soldan is less susceptible than thou art? Presumptuous wretch! Hence, and learn that I love Zulema.'

" Saying this, he left the closet, and

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despair occupied my whole soul. After this time, I no longer saw Zulema: she was shielded from me. In vain I endeavoured to learn tidings of her: she and Bensadi were removed from the cottage near where I first beheld her—barren was the spot, and the tenantless hut left to ruin. Oh! with what sweet delight would I wander over those apartments where once had dwelt the lovely Zulema, until the recollection that she was lost to me for ever, urged my brain to madness—my thoughts were entirely on her—ceaseless were my lamentations—endless my heart-broken sighs—the air and mountain-hollows mocked my griefs, by echoing my groans. The daughter of Bensadi was torn from me, and, perhaps, wantoning in the Soldan's arms. Distraction! how often was I impiously on the point of raising my arm against my life: the world had no charms for me, and I resolved to die. At this time the Christians advanced to Salem: our men were drawn out to

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receive them: the red cross waved on high, and the golden crescent as proudly over-topped the plain, while the faithful followers of Alla breathed out a prayer, and prepared to die in the cause of their religion.

"A glorious opportunity presented itself to me, which I determined to take advantage of. The fight commenced, and the martial clangour of destructive arms was heard at the same moment from all parts of the field. Despairing, I rushed forward into the thickest of the fight, opposing my breast to the arrows of the enemy. On every side of me I saw my countrymen wallowing in gore. Many Christians fell by my arm, but in vain I sought to die: the arrows of the enemy, as if by fate's decree, sunk exhausted ere they reached my bosom, or clove the air beside me in angry whistle, leaving me alone unhurt, standing in the storm in pursuit of danger.

"For a long time, the sanguinary con-

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test lasted: often was seen the bloody cross displaced by the golden crescent, and then again the Christian banners scattered o'er the field, and the proud crescent dragged upon the ground besmeared with gore. The Soldan issued like a tiger to destroy—in vain he collected together his scattered ranks—the Christians were too powerful, and with their broad falchions mowed down our men by ranks. From a distant part of the field, I saw the Soldan engaged in combat with the leader of a Christian troop: fire flashed from their warm glaves—dreadful was the fight—furiously were the strokes dealt, which falling on the opponent's shield, threatened annihilation. Blood poured from the crevices in the armour of both—the Soldan was faint, and more feeble grew each stroke he dealt. I saw his danger, and, swift as an arrow, flying to his relief, arrived at the very moment when, by repeated blows, his powerful antagonist had brought him

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to the ground. The falchion was already reared to be plunged in his breast, but I parried the blow with my sabre, and struck a mortal wound in the heart of my adversary. He fell: the blood rushed in torrents from his bosom, and he instantly expired.

"The Soldan, in gratitude, pressed me to his bosom. 'Ali Sheing,' he cried, 'I owe my life to you.' Saying this, he seized his sabre, and binding up his wounds, again rushed forward to the fight.

"The trumpet of the enemy now sounded a recal; both armies were much enfeebled—day was on the close, and they retired from the field both unmastered. The next morning, the Christians had retreated to some hills about three miles from Salem: our Soldan thought it imprudent to attack them in his present disabled state, but waited till fresh succours were obtained. In the mean time, a council was called, and Zantma, Bensadi, and all the officers of court attended. The Sol-

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dan, surrounded by his viziers and wise men, thus addressed the whole assembly, who listened with the eagerest attention to what he was about to say.

" Beloved subjects, and faithful followers of the powerful Alla, who in his glory seat of Heaven presides, and in mercy judges, I have assembled you here to learn from you how to bestow my favours upon the worthy, and to know how I shall reward him, who, at the risk of his own, saved my life.'

" He paused. All tongues were for a time mute. I was astonished.

" At length, my father, Zantma, broke the silence. ' Monarch of the earth,' cried he, ' the preserver of thy life deserves at thy hands nothing, doing but his duty; but from the people whom you rule, every thing: having performed his duty so well. Shew us the man, that we may fall at his feet, and bless him.'

" My father concluded, and the Soldan smiling, raised him from the prostrate

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posture which in his reverence he had thrown himself into. 'Approach, Bensadi,' cried the virtuous descendant of our country's god, the noble defender of the faithful; 'what sayest thou the man deserves who so nobly discharged his duty to his country, by saving the life of his sovereign, the destroyer of his happiness, when he might so easily have gloried in his death?'

"Your love,' cried the old man, enthusiastically, 'your friendship—*your* gratitude: for noble is the man.'

"Thou sayest aright,' returned Persia's Soldan; 'the saviour of our life deserves, and shall enjoy our love.'

"In the greatest agitation, I threw myself at his feet. The whole assembly were surprised, and the Soldan enfolded me in his embrace.

"Ali Sheing,' he cried, addressing me, 'thou hast heard pronounced what thy virtues demand of us, and thou shalt enjoy bliss in its fullest sense.' Then stamping

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his foot upon the ground, four female slaves approached, bringing with them a female veiled, whose trembling step pronounced her to my heart, to be Zulema. I could but gaze upon the gauze that concealed the lovely countenance of her I eagerly hoped was the daughter of Bensadi. The colour often came and fled from my cheek, as hope and fear alternate animated and depressed my bosom. This torturing suspense was madness—through the whole divan reigned the strictest silence—no one dared whisper—so eager was every one for the sequel of what at this moment was inexplicable to them.

"And now, to relieve my heart, by virtue of a nod from the Soldan, the gauze was removed by the officiating slaves. Angels of Heaven! hope did not fail me!—It was Zulema, lovely as I first beheld her. The Soldan led her to my arms. I pressed her to my bosom; and the fond girl, with artless blandishment, returned my caresses.

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"Take her, Ali Sheing,' cried the King of the greater part of the Asiatic world, 'thou hast deserved her. I give her spotless to thy arms: receive and cherish her. The lustre in my crown is not more pure, or the saints ethereal, that crowd around the regal seat of Heaven, more fair, than is the honour of Zulema. I can bestow upon thee no more worthy gift—the world contains it not. Take her: she is thine.'

"Overcome by his generosity, we threw ourselves before him, and called on Alla to bless him. With mild benignity he raised us up, and resumed: 'Noble Ali, I am still your debtor: for, in bestowing upon you the hand of Zulema, I give you nothing. I am but just, as a monarch should be; and more just I should have been, had I, in love of justice, given her, when you demanded her of my hand.—Oh, Ali! in virtue and magnanimity thou dost rise above thy Soldan, who, when he had the power to save, in love with his own passion, devoted two hearts to misery.

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Thou, Ali, in thy turn, hadst power; didst use it, nobly use it: didst save, and triumph, in nobleness of soul, o'er thy prostrate monarch.'

"Gracious sovereign,' I returned, my heart overwhelmed with anguish, 'make not a merit of my duty: you over-rate the act; for who, in my situation, would not have saved his Soldan? Who of your divan would not die for you? And, oh! how nobly do you reward me! You give me that——'

"Which is your own,' interrupted he. 'The love that raged in my breast for the virtuous Zulema, was but a lascivious weed, that crossed the ripening of two fair flowers. It was but justice to pluck it thence, that they might flourish and entwine. Oh, thou munificent Alla! who in thy mercy canst heal the bosom's wounds, look down in thy clemency upon thy devoted slave; give him another Zulema, that the bride of Ali Sheing may be forgotten by his heart. Thou, omnipotent

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Alla, knowst how sincere I love: heal, then, those poignant wounds that goad my breast. Thou, in thy wisdom, didst inflict this trial upon me, to know thy slave. I bend subservient to thy will—I embrace thy pleasure—Zulema loves, and is beloved by Ali Sheing—Alla, crown their loves with a diadem immortal.'

"Murmurs of applause ran through the whole divan—Bensadi placed his daughter's hand in mine—and Zantma dropped a tear of illumined joy upon his breast—a tear of piety and of gratitude.

"The nuptial rites were soon performed: the Soldan was present, and assisted in the rites: the whole country spoke of his unparalleled generosity, and our marriage-day was a day of joy to the inhabitants of Bedamoora, for the Soldan extended his munificence to the most humble and lowly of his people. All was mirth and festivity. What heart but rejoiced? One and twenty days of feasting was given to me by the Soldan, as a mar-

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riage dower with Zulema, which was diffused around, without distinction, to the rich and poor. Oh, what a Heaven of pleasure did I enjoy! What raptures were mine!—What transporting moments were mine, while I revelled in the arms of Zulema! Together did we press the nuptial bed—Zulema was my wife—my bride! No longer did I sigh for the maid I so much adored; she was mine—and we mingled our hearts together.

"Not long did the sun of our joy shine in an unclouded sky. Envious fortune stole upon our happy moments, threatening with horrid front, as she approached. But we put our faith in Alla, and prepared for the conflict with evil destiny.

"The Christians, with an increase of force from all the nations of Europe, came against us, firing towns and villages in their progress, and putting every living thing to the sword. Inhuman wretches! ye came to our shores to enlighten—was it not rather to destroy—to satisfy your accursed thirst for blood?

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"All Asia was in arms to repel their force. I followed to the war; and Zulema, with warlike ardour, determined to accompany me. Alas! what perils did she sustain for me—how endure the moist and burning heat—traversing vast and trackless deserts for me! Alla gave her fortitude for the undertaking, and she overcame all the terrors, all the inconveniencies and difficulties attending such a march, that she might be by my side.

"We now arrived at Gudingooma, where the Christians were encamped; and instantly prepared to give them battle. Our force amounted to fourteen hundred thousand men: that of the enemy was not above half the number; but we were not skilled in their mode of fighting, and the advantage was nearly equal, excepting that we fought for our God, our country, and our king: our cause gave vigour to the heart. They fought for the extension of their power, and to establish a religion of which we knew nothing. How then

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was it possible for us to make a change? We, who bowed to the mild laws of Alla, submitted to the wise decrees of a sovereign whom we loved and feared—inspired by our faith—in our religion, our country, and our king, we defied their hostile arms, and stood embodied, the bold and daring defenders of our rights and lawful inheritances.

"A new-created vigour animated my bosom, added to the martial fire that before had nerved me in the fight for a beloved wife. I fought: and when the action commenced, and the air-cleaving arrow whistled 'cross the field, I sighed the name of Zulema, and drawing my sharp-edged sabre, rushed with the hissing serpent's venom, to the conflict: breathing, as I aimed each destructive blow, 'for Zulema, my country, and my king!' Christians gasped beneath my blood-besmeared glave—their eye-balls rolled in the agony of death, and still I pursued my mad career, delighting in the havoc

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that I made, and followed by a band of steady patriots, who bore destruction in their powerful hand.

"At length, I was severed from them by a christian troop, which hemmed me in on every side. I now saw certain death before me; and I resolved to fall worthy the son of Zantma, worthy of such a father —the father of his people. There was no hope. Fierce and thickly I dealt my blows; but, overpowered by numbers, I sunk upon the ground, bloody, and severely wounded.

"'Zulema,' still my trembling lips repeated. And now the pointed sword was reared against my breast. In this moment of life and death, a female's screams were heard—her locks hung dishevelled on her shoulders—she burst through the crowd. All-powerful Alla! it was Zulema. She flung herself upon my bosom, and exclaimed, 'Now, barbarians, strike! strike through the hearts of both! O, Ali Sheing, my husband, we will die together.'

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" Stab the pagan wretches,' cried a soldier, rearing his weapon. ' Let them not live to breathe their impious prayers. Stab them, I say.'

" Who dares to lift an arm against the defenceless?' cried a young officer, interfering. ' Coward, learn, that he who seeks for triumph, triumphs most in being merciful to a fallen foe. Begone,' he exclaimed, with much energy; ' and for the future, shew valour in temperance.'

" The soldier drew back, abashed: with a murmur they retired, and Zulema flew, wild with joy, into the arms of our deliverer. She embraced him, flung herself at his feet, and bathed them with her tears. The generous christian raised her from the ground: in the warmth of his heart, united our hands, and immediately hurried away, bidding us instantly quit the fatal field, where the christian cross waved in the pride of victory, and the crescent, the banner of the faithful, yielded. Our troops were put to the route; and it is

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needless to repeat to you, the successful advances of the Christians, who, in each ensuing engagement, slaughtered our people, and committed great havoc.

"At length, they drove us back to Bedamoora, where they still prevailed; and our Soldan perished in the conflict. His death was a grievous blow, that struck deep to the hearts of his subjects. They loved him, and with the firm resolution to die or conquer, determined to revenge his death: a speedy-raised army now opposed the Christians, not so numerous as the former ones, but with the fire of desperation in their bosoms, that threatened to consume empires for its darling gratification. In this action Zantma and Bensadi perished; but the Christians gave way, and at length were defeated. With immense loss, they flew in every direction: Richard the Lion was wounded; and shortly after, they evacuated our shores.

"Now then peace, and her thousand blessings, smiled upon us; we poured forth

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our hearts to the high and mighty Alla, in gratitude, and devoted two moons to prayer and rejoicing. The brother of the late Soldan was proclaimed throughout the empire. Six moons more were now devoted to festive mirth. Oh, what a heart of joy was mine! Zulema loved me—mutual were the endearments we lavished upon each other; and Alla crowned our transports with a lovely boy. Nine moons were wasted since we first tasted of connubial bliss, and Zulema gave to my arms a boy, fresh as the morn, lovely in complexion, like the golden sun.

"But to be less prolix in my narration, which I shall now hastily draw to a conclusion; I shall but inform you, that Zulema and myself awoke to new felicity.

"At this time, the Soldan declared it his pleasure, that the christian prisoners taken in the newly-closed war, should make a forfeit of their lives. I pitied the fate of the poor misguided wretches. Zulema wept when the dreadful news

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reached her ear, but it was not in our power to award the impending blow; and then, again, did they not come unto our shores to subjugate and oppress?

"The day was appointed, which soon arrived, and hundreds of poor souls manacled, were led forth to perish in consuming flames. They passed beneath the window of our dwelling: agony was in their countenances: their hands were crossed upon their breasts. They passed us with slow and disordered step, with the broad scimitar of our countrymen opposed to their necks. Many there were that preferred that death to the one prepared for them, and rushed upon the cruel weapon raised against their lives. Zulema, almost fainting, hung upon my bosom; and one brought up the rear of the solemn procession, who smiled on death, but it was no smile of insensibility—he did not go vaunting to his fate. There was in the midst of all, a majesty and solemnity in his demeanour, a noble spirit in his

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countenance, which defied all torture. Gracious Heaven! I looked upon him. Zulema burst from my arm, and we both involuntarily exclaimed, 'All-powerful Alla, our deliverer!'

"For a time I was paralized: the pulsation of my heart was thick: recollection flashed across my brain. I could not see my preserver perish, and I flew to save him. The Soldan heard my prayers, and the prisoner was remanded back to prison. This prisoner was no other than Lord Adelfred: the preserver of my life—your Lord, and the rightful Baron of Llanbedder. Gracious Alla, thou didst give me the power to save HIM, who in my distress, saved me. Upon my knees I thanked thee for it, thou great adorable: thou heardst me.

"A few days after this event, Zulema and myself, with the Soldan's permission, visited Lord Adelfred in his confinement: he recognized us with brim-full heart—he flew towards me, while mine overflowed

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with tears. Zulema held him in her arms. Painful was this interview. Our hearts were variously overwhelmed—tears of mingled joy and anguish, flowed at the same instant down our cheeks, engendered by the same emotions of love and gratitude: needless would it be to recount the many stratagems I formed for his emancipation. I sought the Soldan, but he turned a deaf ear to my entreaties.

"The life of the abandoned christian I have spared,' he cried, 'at your solicitation: he lives! but never shall he taste of liberty until he embraces our faith.'

"Impossible!' I cried. 'Surely you cannot so determine. Oh! mighty Soldan, give this christian liberty:—shew how merciful you are inclined to be, and teach the frigid nations of Europe, by your example, honour, generosity, and nobleness of conduct. Oh! most wise Soldan, set your prisoner at large: free to depart, to tell his pallid countrymen how widely differ the sons of Asia, from the cold-blooded

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children of the north: to tell them that Alla will protect our faith—that the monarch, whom we love, mild in his justice, resigns the power to destroy, for the nobler means of conquering by mercy.'

"'I have declared my will,' he cried; 'dare not to dispute it.'

"Again I urged, but in vain. Zulema sought the palace: the Soldan saw her—her prayers and entreaties almost subdued his breast; but firm in his determination, he left her; and a second time, she was denied admittance to his presence. Now then, no resource was left—we flew to the dungeon where he was confined, and mingled our tears with his. Five years intercourse ripened our friendship. Vain was it to persuade Adelfred to embrace our faith—he was inflexible; and my heart owned his rectitude, fully persuaded, that that is the true religion which a man is born in.

"In this interval of time, Zulema blessed me with four children: lovely in

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innocence : the first that could lisp I taught to bless the name of Adelfred. And now an opportunity presented itself for us to favour his escape ; but, ah ! how could we part ? Five years intercourse had so closely wound him round our hearts, that to separate would be to deprive us of one of our strongest holds to life. To me, Adelfred was a second Zulema : to Zulema, a second Ali Sheing.

" Wonder not, that we who differed so widely in our faith, could be in friendship so firm : our hearts were good, and the same sun shone upon us : we loved each other, and religion never made a part of our conversation : we prayed in secret, and the God of either sanctioned our orisons, and blessed us.

" Adelfred discovered a small aperture in his cell, which led to some courts in the palace : he had explored them, but it was impossible to escape by their means, they being always locked and guarded. He informed me of this ; his wasted form made

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an impression upon my heart: I determined to assist him in his emancipation, and acquainted Zulema with my resolution. Zulema shed tears of regret, but acquiesced, and the night was fixed upon for his departure. I got the keys of the palace gates from the keeper, who did not fear to trust me with them, and procuring a disguise for Adelfred, at midnight, when stars innumerable laced the heavens, descended to his dungeon.

"All was profound silence: we embraced each other, as we thought, for the last time.—Adelfred hurried on the disguise, and we reached the gates unmolested.

"Noble and generous Ali,' he cried, grasping my hand: Alla! Alla! it was cold as death: his voice faltered, and he hung upon my shoulder, statue-like, and motionless. In this attitude, a sentinel discovered us, who presented his sabre to my breast. 'Stand,' he cried, 'and declare yourself.'

"Ali Sheing,' I returned; 'the Sol-

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dan's friend—the friend of my country;' 'Pass on,' was returned for answer; and we escaped without discovery.

"Adelfred parted with tearful eyes, from Zulema, who was alike overwhelmed with grief; and bidding adieu to Bedamoora he retired to a cavern in a rock, which I discovered to him, at two miles distance, waiting the ensuing night to aid his escape to the sea-shore. I pressed him to my heart—Zulema bedewed his cheek with her tears—but we were forced to separate, and he flew from us in an agony of mind almost insupportable.

"The next day, the prisoner was discovered to have fled, and instantly suspicion fell on me. Bound in chains, I was dragged to the Soldan's presence. Above dissimulation, I scorned to deny facts urged against me. I confessed the whole of my contrivance in the plot, but scorned to betray my friend. I defied torture. I would not give up the place of his concealment; and the Soldan, en-

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raged, gave me liberty on this condition: that if I did not surrender the prisoner the ensuing day, I should lose my head. I left his presence with the firmest determination to act with honour toward my friend; and rather sacrifice my life than him.

"Instantly I flew to the cavern where I had directed him, and informed him of the whole. He urged me to fly—to leave my nation, my country, and Zulema. In my despair, I half consented. Again he urged, pictured to me the possibility of meeting Zulema in a christian land—laid down a plan so plausible, that I consented to his views, and hurried with him to the nearest shore, where, instantly getting on board a small boat, we set sail for other lands: the one overjoyed, when morning dawned, to find himself so far out at sea—the other, with aching heart, on beholding his country's shore decrease in size, as the swift vessel mounted o'er the wave.

"We had provided ourselves with pro-

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vision—were prepared for a long voyage. Adelfred was light and gay; but the more I thought, the more I became dejected. Melancholy now occupied my bosom: I thought on Zulema—on my orphaned children, orphaned by the flight of a fugitive father, until distracted by my feelings, my brain was almost turned, and I was more an inanimate corpse than a being of the earth.

"In this situation, we arrived at an European port, where a seafaring man undertook our safe conduct to Britain. We arrived in Wales: you know the rest."

The infidel ceased. He had often wept during his interesting narrative; and Iserlt hastened to dry his tears.

"Great, indeed, have been your sufferings, Ali," cried the designing wretch; "sufferings which the warmth of your own heart have led you to."

"Oh, could I once more press the fond Zulema to my breast!"

"Think on it no more, Ali: she is lost

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to you for ever," interrupted Iserlt. Then after a pause. "But I will not aggravate your misery, by opening your eyes to the treachery of Adelfred."

"Treachery!——"

"Pardon, pardon—I have said too much. Dwell not upon my words: they were uttered in haste; and——"

"Treachery!" repeated Ali.

"Answer me but this question," rejoined Iserlt: "Does Adelfred favour you now, as when he was dependant upon your mercy? Seeks he now to repose his griefs in your bosom, as when imprisoned at Bedamoora? There was he not all love? Does he avoid you now? See you no change: or is he still the same?"

A new light beamed through the brain of Ali. He paused—his eye sparkled with angry fire—then, checking the suspicious thoughts, he cried, "No no, it cannot be: Adelfred is still the same."

"Say you so? Oh, blessed Ali, blessed in thy ignorance! Live, live, and love!

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Cherish in thy bosom friendship for the deceitful Adelfred: friendship to be scorned. But, in thy blindness, thou shalt feel no pang of rejected love—thy sensibility shall not be wounded by the keen dagger of favours ill returned."

"Adelfred saved my life."

"And so didst thou his."

"He had no incitement but his own heart—I was prompted by gratitude and affection."

"Oh, noble Ali, what a soul hast thou! By Heaven, thy wrongs bear me beyond myself. My veins swell with my boiling blood. Rancour and hate enerves my arm to vengeance. Thou, Ali, art all truth—Adelfred all deception. He keeps thee, like a slave, in his train—rewards thy virtue with a yoke of bondage. Thou art his friend no longer, but his menial—the slave whom he values, not for services done, but as a part of his pomp, his equipage."

"Iserlt, thou drivest me mad.—It can-

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not be—it is impossible. Adelfred——yet—arouze thee, Ali Sheing——"

Passion choaked his speech—wildly his eye balls glared.

"Revenge!" cried Iserlt.

Insulted honour swelled the chest of Ali Sheing. "Thou god of Asia," he exclaimed, "if Adelfred be true, to my heart I'll clasp him with sincerity—if false, I'll compass the earth for a deep and firm revenge."

Iserlt daily worked upon the passions of the poor Moor, who, half-inclined to think the noble Adelfred false, misconstrued every act; and from the rooted sorrow that preyed upon his mind, drew out a conclusion of services at an end, and cold dislike.

Great was the soul of Ali Sheing; he scorned an explanation with him whom he thought his foe. Often would his rolling eye-balls declare his anger in the presence of the dejected Adelfred. And now the designing Iserlt prepared for the final

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blow. Owain constantly corresponded with him from the monkish convent, whither he had taken sanctuary, and gained every intelligence from the castle necessary to his views. It was rumoured abroad, that Helena still lived. Many affirmed, that she was confined in one of the dungeons of the castle, by Owain. These reports met the ear of Adelfred, who totally discredited them. The conduct of Owain, spite of the malignant reports that met his ear, appeared to him untainted; and upon this ground Iserlt raised his structure.

The time drew near to accomplish his death: the wavering Moor must be surprised into the act. Iserlt had sounded him to the bottom of his heart; and found, that giving him time to reflect, was only losing what, by his inflated conversation, he had gained. Iserlt dared not prevail upon the Moor to stab Adelfred in the castle, fearful lest his schemes should fail, and the whole mischief be turned upon himself. Ali-Sheing was only to be

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rouzed to commit the act by a sense of his wrongs. Deliberation blunted his dagger's point; and Iserlt determined to draw, by some design, Lord Adelfred to the vaults of the castle, where he might be instantly dispatched without the hopes of rescue, and Owain becoming the judge of the murderer, should doom him to instant death: thus discovery would be frustrated, and he become the rightful Baron of Llanbedder.

For this purpose, Iserlt addressed an anonymous letter to Adelfred, running to the following effect, which he took care to drop in his path.

"MY GRACIOUS LORD,

"Place not too great a reliance in the "virtues of Owain, who has deceived you. "Be assured the report of Helena's being "alive is not without foundation. She "lives; and, by your traitorous cousin, is "confined in one of the vaults beneath "the castle. Be secret—and when the

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" mid bell tolls, descend to the caverns,
" where you shall find a friend ready to
" conduct you to the arms of her you
" love. A friend, ever anxious to assist
" distressed virtue."

At first, Adelfsed could not believe what his eyes beheld. Again he read it—a third—a fourth time. " Can it be possible?" he exclaimed. " No! no! it is a treacherous artifice of some designing villain, disgraced by my cousin, for his want of honour—I will not believe it."

Then, after a few moments deliberation: " But I will unravel this mystery.—Yes: I will go at the hour appointed by this traitor, and drag him to instant justice."

With this resolve, he folded the paper, and put it in his pocket, awaiting the coming night, to descend to the vaults. The bell tolled eleven: all the castle was still: Ali Sheing alone was restless and disturbed: sleep could not close his eyes—gloomy thoughts devoured him.

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Iserlt flew to his chamber, as the half hour bell sounded through the courts, and engaging him in conversation, drew him toward the vaults. Crossing a long corridor, they descended a marble stair together, and the door was open before them that led to the caverns. Adelfred was seen at a distance, bearing a torch in his hand: he seemed much disturbed, and often paced the narrow passage, as wounded by suspense. At length, he stopped, and and raising the torch above his head, looked toward Ali Sheing, and Iserlt.

"We are discovered," cried the latter, "do not avoid, but speak to him. I cannot, so much I hate him for the injuries he has done thee."

He instantly retired; and by this time Adelfred came up with the Moor.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "you here, Ali Sheing? But say, quick, quick, what impelled you hither?"

"Curiosity," returned the other, with a coldness of manner.

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"Had you no motive?"

"None. Why does Adelfred question me?"

"Pardon me, Ali Sheing, but—— Leave me—leave me.—I——"

At this moment, the bell tolled twelve. Adelfred expressed greater impatience. "Away, away," he cried.

"Nay, you shall hear me," cried the indignant Moor. "I——"

"To-morrow, to morrow," interrupted Adelfred; and pushing him from him, hurried down the vault.

Iserlt now appeared, with a torch in his hand. "Do you still doubt?" he enquired. "Oh, Ali Sheing, where is the fervid fire of Asia, the soul of the followers of Alla? Where that nobleness of spirit, which thou hast boasted of? Will Ali Sheing stoop to slavery? Oh! thou God of Heaven! ennerve my arm to stab the wretch who has subjugated the soul of Ali."

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"Iserlt, he shall die," exclaimed the frantic Moor.

"He slew great Persia's Soldan: him who gave to your arms the lovely Zulema. Adelfred, whose life you saved, stabbed him who plucked his heart out, that you might enjoy eternity of bliss."

With rage trembled the Moor, while he grasped his dagger.

"He slew the Soldan, yet spared you. Ah!—Zulema was present—what a horrible thought! Did he not lust for her? By Heaven——"

"No! no! no!" cried the heart-torn Ali.

"You, in return, saved his life; and when he was in your power, was he not all affection? Would Adelfred then have thrown Ali Sheing from him? He tore you from the arms of a wife you loved—from children—your own children—the children of Zulema! Just God! to save him, you sacrificed your own peace: and what is his return? You are made his

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slave. Already he hates and loathes you. Oh! it is certain that power is wrested from the hands of the generous Ali—he can no longer *save:* his services are at an end."

"No more, no more—he dies!"

"For your wife and children, strike the blow."

"He dies!"

"For the Soldan."

"No more."

"For the loss of your liberty."

Adelfred appeared, wrapped in a cloak, at the farther end of the vault; and Ali Sheing rushed forward, with drawn dagger. He stabbed: bathed in his blood, the victim fell, and with a groan, expired.

Iserlt now alarmed the castle. The Moor stood over the bleeding corpse in an attitude of horror: the most dreadful thoughts crowded upon his brain. All the various passions were at work in his bosom, and holding conflict with nature. No cry escaped his lips: his heart was

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rent asunder: and retreating a few steps from the body, he fell, heart-broken, and gave up life without a groan.

Now various torches were seen in the different vaults, and numbers of vassals, directed by Iserlt, approached the spot. All the caverns seemed in a blaze of light. The vassals knelt over the bleeding body, and with one accord, exclaimed, "Owain!" Iserlt himself, drew near: it was Owain, who, instead of Adelfred, was slain. The villain trembled on beholding the accomplice in his guilt become the victim of their united artifice. His cheek became livid and pale with fear: a cold sweat hung upon his contracted brow.

In this moment of confusion, Adelfred himself was seen leading from an inner vault, a female, faint and languid, who hung upon his arm, while her tottering limbs dragged upon the ground, unable to sustain her feeble frame.

The vassals now, with united voice, exclaimed, "Long live Lord Adelfred!"

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Iserlt, with conscious guilt in his face, threw himself at his knee, and confessed the whole.

The Baron of Llanbedder, awaiting the promised coming of the author of the billet he had received, after he had broke from Ali Sheing, and while traversing the vaults in impatience, heard some faint murmurs from an inner cave, and the voice that made these lamentations mentioned his name. Astonished, he paused awhile to listen: the voice broke forth again in the same plaints: and, eager to relieve distress, he burst into the vault from whence the sounds proceeded, where he beheld a female whom he instantly recognized to be Helena, stretched upon a bed of straw. A solitary lamp hung suspended from the concaved roof, which shed a dim light upon the dilapidated walls. Adelfred could scarce believe his eyes. "Perfidious cousin!" after an interval of horror, he exclaimed. Helena raised up her head, on hearing his voice, and uttering

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a wild scream of joy, fainted upon his bosom. She soon recovered, and confirmed the words of Ruthwold.

Adelfred instantly conveyed her from the vault; and, directed by the torches of the vassals, came to the spot where the bleeding Owain lay.

During the confusion of Iserlt, Helena was borne to a chamber in the castle, and every means used to recover her. While Adelfred execrated his perfidious cousin, Iserlt confessed how he had worked up the passions of the generous, unsuspecting Ali; who, in an agony of thought, contemplating on the crime he had committed, instantly expired.

It appeared, that Iserlt had made Owain acquainted with his scheme; who, fearing the failure, had come to the vaults, which had a communication with the convent, to which he had gained access, habited for immediate flight with Helena. The villain was tortured by doubt, lest his victim should be discovered in her confinement;

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and, seeking to avoid this, found a deserved death.

Iserlt was ordered for immediate execution: the body of Owain was privately buried: while that of Ali Sheing was committed to the earth with all funeral pomp. A rich urn was erected over his tomb: on it was engraven his many virtues; and no breath of reproach ever sullied the marble remembrance.

Helena soon recovered; and her former beauty once more revelled on her cheek. The nuptial rites were soon performed, that made her the bride of the Baron of Llanbedder; and thousands blessed the united names of Adelfred and Helena, for their nuptial-day was the first of true happiness to the vassals of Llanbedder, since the death of the brave Caradoc.

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The Mountain Bard.

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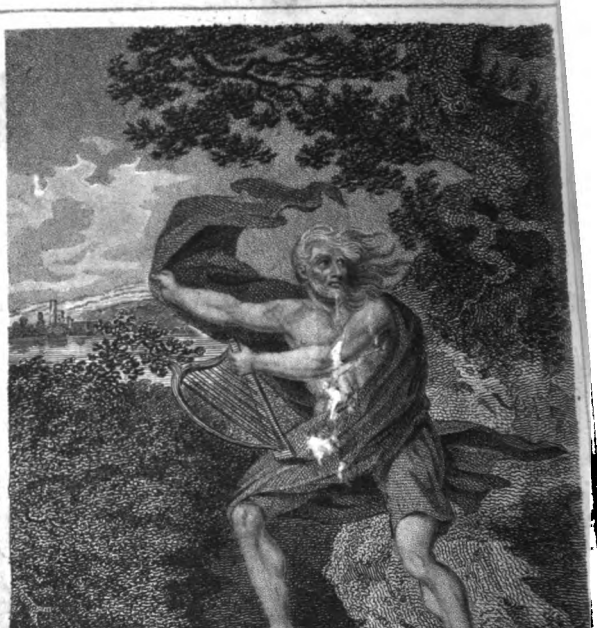

M.r Noel. Delin.

Mackenzie Sculp

The Mountain Bard.

d March 1. 1802. by W. Earle. Albemarle Street. & J. Badcock. Paternoster

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The Mountain Bard.

JOLO GOLCH, the Mountain Bard, as he is called, is the author of several worthy Welsh airs, which are much admired by his countrymen. The following is his Legend, which is pretty generally credited, however improbable it may appear to the unbiassed reader.

WHO, upon yon threatening rock's brow sits; striking, with enthusiastic fire, the quivering strings of the vibrating harp? Who is he, that to the woods and waters sings his patriotic lay: while his loose garments o'er his shoulders flying, filled, like a sail by the wind, gives his cold body to the cutting blast? Red is his hard cheek—white as the snow his beard and locks, that winnow in the wind.—Athletic are his limbs—he's like to the sturdy oak, in the winter of his age, slow in his decay, and still retaining some of the former fire of his youth.

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Oh! know you not the Bard of the Mountain? Have you not heard his soft melodious lays—his rustic song, or invigorating invocation to his countrymen? It is the patriotic Jolo Golch, whom you observe; who, in the fierce slaughter of his countrymen, alone surviving, did defy the foe, and singly faced them. But listen:—More pangs a mother never knew, than did the mother who gave him birth. In yon dismantled hut was he born, the only offspring of a humble, but contented sire. His mother, whose occupation was to till the fertile field, was used to girth young Jolo to her back, and so pursue her avocation. The child seldom cried; and, in the leasing-time, she laid him on a rick of corn, while she would form her wheaten-sheaf with heart of merry glee.

One sultry day, young Jolo being disposed of, as just before observed, and the mother at some distance off, collecting together the scattered ears that from the team had fell, or by the pikle had been

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neglected, while the busy countrymen were gathered round the costrill of cooling ale, a monstrous eagle espying the infant, alighted, and bore him away.

Distracted, the wretched mother viewed her infant, and Heaven implored! Higher the eagle soared, until it disappeared, and young Jolo's screams were heard no more. To the battlements of yon Roman tower the eagle flew—there she had built her nest—and there her unfledged young croaped for the welcome food. But that all-powerful cause who presides over human actions, came to the assistance of this infant, and placed a mother's feelings in the eagle's breast: she sheltered it with her young—stilled its feeble cries—and roamed for food to nurture it.

Five years on yonder tower's top the infant drew its breath, beneath the maternal eagle's wing: the young were fledged and fled, and Jolo alone, was now her only care. O'er him she'd sit, and brood, and watch his little limbs expand, with the ten-

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derest affection: and now the boy would creep from out the nest, and o'er the mossy stones trail his tender limbs. It was in the September month, when the sultry day is closed with the angry storm, the Roman tower on which the eagle's nest was built, toppled; and part of it, cleft by the storm, fell with horrible noise. Wildly the infant screamed, and closer to her breast the maternal eagle drew him; but the fierce tempest still continuing, threatened the total annihilation of the tower, and once more soaring to the Heavens, with young Jolo in her embrace, she flapped her wings, and cut through the foggy air. Long time she flew, fearful of her care, until the storm had entirely subsided. Some fishermen observed her, as she flew with her burthen, almost exhausted; and seeing her in their power, shot her in the breast: she dropped, and expired in the lake. She was taken up by them, who were much astonished to find in her embrace, a child unhurt. One, more hu-

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mane than the rest, felt desirous to preserve the life of the child, and took it home to his wife, who was not a little surprised to find it could not put its feet to the ground. All possible care was taken of it: it was taught to speak, to walk, to read, &c. The mother of Jolo discovered her infant about two years after, by passing the cottage where it was reared, and observing the model of a harp on his breast. Conceive a mother's joy—a mother's rapture—in once more clasping to her bosom her long lost child!—with what fond affection she pressed him to her heart! In the Snowdon mountains dwelt a bardic band, whose customs nearly approached the druidic order; but divested of their barbarisms and gothic idolatries: with these, young Jolo would associate, and join in their patriotic song. Lively was his imagination—strong and bold his thought—smooth and flowing was his verse, extempore composed—and soon was he elected the chief of the Snowdon bards. But

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when rude war reared high her blood-stained crest, an inactive life suited not with Jolo's fire: aside he laid the harp, and sought the noisy field. In bloody strife, he yielded not superiority to the stoutest of the foe; but at last, a prisoner he was taken, and to London sent. Not long did a prison captive keep the chief; his active mind found means to elude the vigilance of the guard, and he escaped. To Snowdon he shaped his flight, and gained subsistence by singing ballads to the village maid at the cottage door—love was his theme—of virtuous maids and faithless men. Melancholy was his tale—pleasing was the plaintive air he sung: melting hearts, and drawing sighs from the bosom of the love-sick virgin. The Snowdon bards welcomed his return, with unfeigned joy, and once more nominated him their chief. Never again, he swore, to engage in broils, but with his voice vowed to rouze the warlike fire in the hearts of his countrymen—to inspire them, with descanting

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on the blessings of liberty—and to tell them what they had to fear if ever they became the slaves of the foe of Wales.

Fifty years of age had he attained when the English monarch, the beardless Edward, whose great object was to subjugate and oppress the sister kingdom, advanced his thousand warriors to our native mountains, and with fire and sword prepared to desolate our land. In the deep recesses of Snowdon lay the Britons, armed for the conflict, and resolved to perish or conquer in the defence of their native rights. Jolo exhorted them to the fight: his inspiring voice arouzed the rage of lions in their breasts; and proudly waved the British banners on the top of every mountain, threatening and defying the English to the combat.

"Countrymen and soldiers!" cried the chief Bard of the Mountains, "boldly determine to renounce your lives with your liberties—protect those rights and privileges which your forefathers have enjoyed, and

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which from you your children should inherit. When the brazen trumpet of the enemy sounds through the vallies, rush not, as you were wont to do, like a wild band, upon their swords, but collected receive them. Break not your ranks, but firmly cemented together, oppose their shield-piercing arrows. Forget not, that for your homes, your wives, your children, and your liberty, the sword is raised."

A thousand huzzas echoed among the hills—women and children mingled in the ranks, and upon the plains—beneath the mountain was spread a rich repast, at which the leader of the British troops presided, with the bards, drinking healths, and success to their arms. Smiling, the next morn appeared: at a distance sounded the trumpet of the enemy: and the stout-hearted Britons took the field. Around the mountain's brow the bards were scattered, invoking Heaven for the success of their arms. The English were at first staggered with so novel and strange a

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sight; and they gave ground upon the first attack of the Britons, who drove them, in wild disorder, until their monarch appeared among them, and by an animated example, invited them to renew the contest. All was confusion and despair. The Britons, half mad with success, forgot the instruction of the intrepid Jolo, and were routed, in their turn, by the English, who, ashamed of their conduct, united again, and with fresh vigour assailed the enemy. Alas! alas! dreadful was the carnage of that day, lost by the great confidence of our countrymen, who, assured of victory, regarded not those opportunities which would inevitably have crowned their most sanguine hopes. Not even the bards were spared, whose venerable appearance might have inclined them to mercy, being unarmed, and for that reason not to be feared. The signal was given for the slaughter of the bards; and up each craggy cliff the eager soldier flew, to complete an act designed by this barbarous monarch.

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High upon the Wyddfa's lofty summit sat Jolo Golch, the Mountain Bard, the survivor of the bardic throng: the bitterest execrations burst from his quivering lips. Thrice had the enemy attempted to tear him from his seat, but as often met with a repulse.—He feared not death.

Jolo Golch mixes not with the world: in the lofty mountains of Snowdon he dwells: sweet is his song. Often have the village damsels tripped along the green to his merry dance—and the love-lorn maid, listened with tearful eye to his plaintive ditty. The young soldier, inspired with his songs of war, has, in imagination, fought those very battles which the faithful tongue of Jolo has so glowingly described. Jolo Golch will ever live in the hearts of and memories of his countrymen—his song will ever please—his patriotic spirit ever be admired.

THE END.

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